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FOOTFALLS
OF
LOYALTY.
BY
MRS. MARY W. WESTCOTT,



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LOS ANGELES



FOOTFALLS

OF

LOYALTY.

BY

MRS. MARY W. WESTCOTT,
SWANTON, NEB.

“He turned and left the spot,
Oh, do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek.
Go to the foremost rank
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.”

LINCOLN
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PREFACE.

This work has been compiled to save to history the purest sentiments of loyalty ever uttered and to raise something for the relief funds of the G. A. R., a large share of the sale being devoted to such use. If our purpose meets with approval we shall continue to collect war letters and diaries with this end in view.

These letters came from the heart and must go to the heart of him who fought on the same ground in the same way, inspired by the same love for home and country, as well as to those who hold them in patriotic reverence. Libby's Bright Side shows what brave men did to forget the misery that surrounded and crushed them, when to have foresworn their defense of the old flag would have given them the best that rebeldom afforded. And now when the limbs crippled by prison gangrene or the more merciful shell are ordered to "leave" to give place to the old prison guard and flag traducer, and when the stars and bars are waved over the ground once covered by the "march to the sea," seems a most fitting time to bring these loyal mementoes to the light.

MRS. MARY W. WESTCOTT.

Swanton, Nebraska.

567206



LETTERS OF GOLD.

BY HARRY BURNS, CO. H, 4TH PA. CAVALRY.

(Written especially for this work.)

A bundle of letters tied 'round with a string,
Some sad and some joyous—what mem'ries they bring!
Some well-worn with reading—my eyes fill with tears
At words that to others so foolish appears.

Worn letters, old letters, sweet words of the past,
When our nation lay clouded, with hopes overcast;
Mid thunders of war, with its turmoil and pain,
Bringing answers and sweet loving words back again.

Only letters, old letters—ah, me, how I sigh!
As I read them they bring back the old days so nigh,
When we climbed o'er the mountain and swam through the flood,
And lived four long years in a lava of blood.

Yes, letters, old letters, we love them now well
For the mem'ries they bring and the stories they tell;
Some twenty years after what pleasure they yield,
For they tell of our marches, the camp, and the field.

Old letters, fond letters, bedewed once with tears,
The older they grow the more precious appears;
For they came from the field and the foul prison den,
And the loved homes of true and courageous men.

From the daughters and sons, from the mothers and sires,
Whose words built and lighted up liberty's fires;
What hopes were awaked by those grand words of cheer
To the loved ones at home and the brave volunteer.

Letters written by men in the vigor of life,
 Written by sister, son, father, and wife,
 Written by patriots loyal and free,
 Who stood by the Union and loved liberty.

Last words of those heroes who never returned,
 Those sacrificed lives whom the nation has mourned,
 Whose bones were left whitened on fair freedom's shore,
 Their letters we'll treasure and prize evermore.

Old letters, fond letters, tho' ages march on,
 Tell their story of trials and victories won,
 Tho' the hearts of the writers lie listless in death,
 To a pulsating world they are freedom's fond breath.

Old letters, old letters, bright garlands of gloom,
 Full of hope, full of peace, tho' they speak from the tomb,
 Storied words that will live to be told and retold,
 Our footfalls of loyalty—Letters of Gold!

Pittsburg, July 1886.

FOOTFALLS OF LOYALTY.

AUSTIN J. LAKIN,

7TH ILL. INFT. AND CO. B., 2D ILL. CAV.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

CAMP DEFIANCE,
CAIRO, ILL., June 14, 1861. }

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER—This beautiful day finds me seated in my little tent to write you a letter, and I will try to give you an idea of my situation at present. I enlisted in the service of the Union army the 22d of April, and started the same evening for Springfield, stopped in Camp Yates about a week, then took the train for Alton, stopped there a month, and took passage on steamboat for Cairo, and this day finds me one among 8,000 brave men. It is a fine sight to see seven or eight thousand soldiers on the field mustering. There are more than one hundred men at work here building batteries. There are six cannon planted here that throw 36 pound balls, and lots of smaller ones throwing from 6 to 24 pound balls.

The talk is that we will start for Memphis, Tenn., soon; vessels are standing ready to start at any hour, five or six of the best boats that run on the river. They belong to

the government. The "City of Alton" started out yesterday, came back in the evening with a secession flag. The boys saw it in Columbus, Ky., as they were going up the river; they landed, went over and cut the flag down and brought it home with them; not a man raised a hand to save the banner of rebeldom.

We sleep in our tents on a little hay, a blanket and oil cloth cloak to every man.

I hope I will be the lucky boy to get back home to see my relatives and little wife—she is the flower of the West.

PITTSBURG LANDING, TENN., }
April 28, 1862. }

I yet have a place among the living. While others around me fall I am spared. Since I last saw you I have witnessed the battle-field at Fort Donaldson and the battle at this place, where many of my acquaintances fell; some of them that were with me in the three months service. Many a brave man fell here, leaving wife and children to mourn the loss of husband and father. Thousands of promising young men went down pierced to the heart with the rude rifle ball, others with their heads shot off by the cannon, some literally torn to pieces with cannon ball and shell. There are different reports of the killed and wounded, but from what I have seen and heard, our loss is from 10,000 to 12,000 killed and wounded, and 3,000 or 4,000 taken prisoners. The Secesh lost more than we did, at least

there were more of their dead left on the field. We did not get as many prisoners as they did. Some say they lost 20,000. I am satisfied they got the worst of it, if they did make the attack.

A great many of our boys are sick. The small pox has broken out in our camp; one of the boys in our company has it.

Martha, I never regretted that I enlisted in the war. I am happy to think I am able to take part in so glorious a work, to risk my life under the same beautiful stars and stripes that our fathers bled under in the great revolution. I love people who love our government and our beautiful flag. We expect to move soon to Savannah and storm the enemy's works there. We hear to-day that our troops are in possession of New Orleans; hardly believe it, but hope it is so.

May 17, 1862.

We are in camp three miles from the strong rebel force at Corinth, Miss. It is supposed that there never has been so strong a force gathered together as there is at Corinth. We started on this trip the 2d of this month from Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh). We can hear the rebel drums. Our pickets are skirmishing every day. A small stream runs near our picket line, and the rebels thought we were using too much liberty coming there to water. We got up a little fight over it, and it was not long before the

artillery came to our aid, and when she belched forth her shell and shot they left the stream. We took forty-nine prisoners. They are fighting now on our right. I can hear the cannon conversing. I am looking every moment to be called out in line. You have probably heard the particulars of the Pittsburg Landing fight; that was an awful battle, but this may be worse. There is hardly a day but we take some prisoners. They say the troops at Corinth have to live on half rations, as our army has cut off all their means of transportation excepting the railroad to Memphis and New Orleans. Our boys are in good spirits, our work moves slowly on, but victory seems to crown our labors.

MEMPHIS, TENN., }
Sunday, June 28, 1863. }

We received orders the morning of the 18th to prepare for a three days' scout. We started before daylight. Our party consisted of a detail from the 5th Ohio, 1st Mo., and 2d Ill. Cavalry, numbering in all 310 men. We struck Coldwater on the evening of the 18th, thirty miles from Memphis, went down it three miles and camped for the night. About midnight the rebels fired on our picket line, and they skirmished till midnight. We had scarcely started in the morning when the rebels opened fire on us at the upper end of the long lane. Grape and canister showered into our ranks, but did no harm. We dis-

mounted, opened the large meadow fence and formed in line of battle. The rebs poured their lead into our ranks, killing and wounding three of our boys before we had fired a gun. A general engagement took place, lasting an hour, lead coming from every direction. We were surrounded by a large force, and were liable to fall into their hands prisoners, the thought of which we could not bear. Our officers ordered us to retreat. We put spurs to our horses, aiming to make our escape by way of the road, but found it well guarded. We gave them a few volleys from our carbines, turned our horses in a southern direction, put spurs to them again and retreated into the woods. Here also were rebels; charging into them, on we went, they following for about eight miles; reached camp late the same evening; nearly one-third of our party was missing, killed, wounded, and prisoners. Major Henry, of the 5th Ohio, who commanded us, was taken by the rebels; this was not a very profitable scout for us. Four of our badly wounded men were paroled and sent to camp. We sent back a flag of truce asking permission to bury our dead, and received answer that they were buried.

MEMPHIS, TENN., }
July 27, 1863. }

A. never writes to me any more. He got mad because I told him that men who sympathized with rebels were no better than rebels, and rather accused him of being of

that stripe. I am sorry to say such of a relative, but he wrote me a long letter about negro equality, intimating that I was fighting for negro freedom, and negro equality, and said that he would as soon agree to the laws of the Southern Confederacy as to the laws of abolition government. He appears to be very fearful of the negroes. We fought the rebels, guarded their property, allowed the black man to build breastworks for us to climb, allowed them to support the rebel army by raising grain for its subsistence. We fought them two years at this rate, giving them ample time to consider. We promised to forget and forgive all insults to our flag if they would only return to the old constitution, but what did they say? "We will rule or we will ruin." Our congress has seen fit to pass the conscription act and the emancipation act. Now the accursed institutions of slavery are crumbling, and are bound to fall.

" Conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
Let this be our motto, in God be our trust,"

and the true American flag shall wave over every city,
North and South.

HEAD-QUARTERS CO. B, 2D. ILL. CAV. }
IN CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, TENN., }
July 12, 1863. }

Mrs. Martha Chamberlain:

MY DEAR SISTER—On the evening of July 6 we received the news confirming the capture of Vicksburg.

This glorious report caused some excitement among our boys. We illuminated our camp with lights, built bonfires, shot squibs, etc. A lot of us were busy preparing squibs, when our little stock of powder took fire and scattered us. Some three or four of us were badly burnt. The flash threw the blaze into my face, which made it one solid blister, but is about well now. The other boys that were burnt went to the hospital, but I thought myself just as well off in camp. We have black cooks now. Tommy is our faithful, good-hearted cook. He has been with us six months and we expect to keep him till the war ends. You may think the war about over, but I think it will last one year yet. People who never served in the army are too apt to think that the downfall of a city or the capture of a few thousand prisoners will crush the rebellion. It is badly *crippled*; the Mississippi will soon be open to the Gulf, then our beautiful flag will sweep down the length of the mighty stream unharmed. The rebels may tear up our railroads and interfere with our communication by land, but we can hold the river in spite of all they can do. I think we could not ask for finer prospects of putting down the rebellion than we have at present, but it will take time to accomplish the work.

I understand that our army took 32,000 men at Vicksburg, many horses, and over 300 cannon and more than 100,000 stands of small arms. What a victory this was!

FORT PILLOW, TENN., }
 Aug. 8, 1863. }

MY DEAR SISTER MARTHA—While reading your noble letter I could not refrain from shedding tears. I pity you and your little children. We should not mourn nor lament for those who have passed through the shadow of death, but our hearts should say, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away." Oh, sister, would to God this war might cease, so the daily increasing list of widows might cease with it.

TO THE SAME.

FORT PILLOW, }
 Nov. 26, 1863. }

We started out on a scout Tuesday evening, and have just returned, rode day and night. Our scout of last Saturday and Sunday proved a profitable one. Our attack on the rebels Sunday morning caused a general stampede among them. They lost over 50 conscripts, and now report us to have attacked them with 1,400 men. Our party only numbered 84; officers and men of our Co., 44, and mounted infantry, 40. It would be useless for me to undertake to give you a sketch of all I saw on that trip, though I might tell you of the handsome Union lady, or of the abuse of the pretty little rebel. As we pass along the roads we can see people of different opinions. One as pretty as I ever saw came to the door of a handsome

dwelling yesterday, and shouted "God bless the Yankee soldier. Oh, if you had only been here last night, father would not have been abused so, just because he is a Union man. I told them the Union soldiers would run them out of the country in less than three days, and that they were cowards, and only pitched their spite at unarmed men."

You always give me very good advice, sister, and appear to be somewhat interested in my present and future welfare. I am as little concerned about death as I ever was. I do not fear the rebel lead, miserable would I be if I did. A coward must be a very uncomfortable person. I would rather die a brave man than to live a life debased by cowardice.

FORT PILLOW, }
Dec. 20, 1863. }

As I have nothing of interest to write I will have to give you another sketch of a scout we made a few days ago. It had been raining for seven or eight days in succession, and as we never have better luck than in the rain or at night, we concluded to try the depth of the mud, and the moisture of the falling rain for 50 or 60 miles from camp. We started early in the morning, and riding at a good gait noon found us twenty-eight miles from the Fort. Entering the little city of Ripley, eight of us being thrown out as advance guard nearly one mile ahead of the company, we

spied the rebel picket in the suburbs of the town. They permitted us to advance within one hundred yards of them before they gave the alarm. They leveled their guns and snapped them, but not a gun fired. They wheeled their horses and used their spurs. Six of us charged after them into the city. The whole town was at dinner. They had a few conscripts in the court-house under guard. They (the guards) snapped their old muskets at us. Our carbines failed to fire, so we threw them and drew our revolvers, and gave the guards a few whistling balls near their heads. They threw up their "bread hooks" and shouted "We'uns surrender to you'ns all." I had just passed the court-house when I saw one of them making tracks a few rods distant. I halted him, but he wouldn't halt, I fired three loads from my revolver, leveled in his direction. The second one struck his horse in the neck, the third cut so close to his own pate that he decided to retrace his steps and surrender. Six of us routed 160 of the rebels, capturing over twenty of them, as many of them left us their horses. A few were released, as they proved to be conscripts; fourteen went north to the military prison. The rebels were flying, as our company came in on the jump. We gave pursuit but could not overtake them, as they had scattered through the woods in all directions, and I doubt if they have got together yet. There was a major among them; we captured all of his papers and pay-rolls. I have seen a great deal of fighting in battle

and skirmishing, but this I cannot call a fight, as they did not stop to look back or offer the least resistance after we got them started. Conscripts will not fight, neither will their officers. You may think me boasting in saying that Co. B, 2d Ill. Cav. can pick fifty men in its ranks that can whip 400 conscript rebels in a fair fight. They fear the Kansas Jayhawkers and 2d Ill. Cav. I am glad that I belong to this noble regiment. I do not boast of my own bravery, but of that of my comrades.

FORT PILLOW,
Jan. 6, 1864. }

SISTER MARTHA—We are quite comfortably quartered here, and I often sit with my comrades around a camp-fire conversing of our present comforts and past hardships. While we are thus situated thousands of our fellow-soldiers are suffering. The satisfaction of a comfortable home often brightens our imagination. Sometimes I think of settling down at home again, other times I think of nothing but roving. The beautiful sceneries of the western prairies and the tall mountains excite my rambling spirit. Your kind letter contained much good advice. The soldier thinks but little of death or judgment. His comrades may fall upon his right and left, but while he stands under the starry banner his only thought is, "My country calls me to defend those beautiful stars and stripes, and proudly would I die rather than disgrace-

fully forsake them." I have seen our western heroes fall, and I believe death was met with a smile, they appeared to give life so freely. I have often thought I would as soon fall on the battle-field as to die a natural death. O, cruel war! the thousands of brave men thou hast swept from earth to the silent grave. Sleep, you brave men of America, you have paid your last debt to your country's cause.

Your devoted brother.

In the cemetery at Memphis, Tenn., nightly beteared with the vapors of the darkly-flowing Mississippi, he sleeps with fallen comrades, the last earthly sleep of a loyal soldier. Little need of the guard on the "Picket line of eternity" asking as their spirits advance for admittance, "What deed hast thou sent before thee?"

ROBERT P. BLACK,
Co. E, 103^D PA. VOL.

TO HIS PARENTS.

SUFFOLK, VA., October, 1862.

Suffolk is situated on the south-west bank of the Elizabeth river. The town is built mostly of brick, foundations and chimneys of the same material. I have seen no stone-work of any kind about here. The streets are rather narrow, crooked, and irregular. The sidewalks are paved with brick and tiling, and well shaded with mulberry, fig, and other trees. The town is about the size of Butler, Pa., though not half so neat. The country, as far as I have seen it, is flat in some places, rolling in others, and abounds in swamps. The soil is sandy, no rock, not even in the streams. The water flows sluggish, blackish in color; no clear streams to be found. The tide water is an ocean green, the other^d dark.

The timber is mostly pine, some oak, and a good many persimmon groves. There is a tree called the chinkapee that bears a nut resembling the chestnut, only near the size of very small hazelnuts.

The inhabitants are mostly of a class we would call poor. They generally have pretty good houses, though I have seen them—I suppose the poorer classes—in huts not fit for

cow stables. The more wealthy live better, and appear comfortable, but no barns are to be seen, not even on the largest plantations. I do not think they need barns much for anything, unless it is for corn fodder, which they prepare in a very laborious way. They go through the fields and strip the blades off the stalk by hand, and lay them in bunches to cure. When cured they tie them in bundles and stack in some shed. Mills are very scarce. Sweet potatoes are plenty; Irish potatoes scarce; very little wheat; no rye, barley, or buckwheat; poor horses and cows, few or no sheep, some hogs. Chickens, geese, and turkeys were pretty plenty when we came; are scarce now, though. Farming utensils are of a very poor, inferior kind. The old plow with the shallow share and cutter is about the only kind in use. There are some very good cultivators, all stamped New York, Philadelphia, or some other northern manufactory. The hoes are six and eight inches square, varying from one-fourth to one-half inch in thickness; the blades will weigh from three to seven and eight pounds. Very few scythes, no grain cradles, but sickles are plenty. The only apparent land transportation is carts and a kind of a rickety light wagon drawn by a poor horse, mule, or oftener, a steer or cow. I have seen more drawn by little cows than by either horses or mules. The farmers are dressed in white linsey, almost from head to foot. Think I have given you a pretty good description of this place.

NEWBOURN, N. C., Jan. 4, 1863.

I had my hand lanced twice; am thankful it was no worse, for I might have lost my hand or arm had it not been well tended. I had a nurse that took as good care of me as though I might have been her own son. She is a Sister of Mercy, or in other words, a Catholic nun. She came over from England to take care of the wounded Union soldiers, and a faithful, excellent nurse she has been and still continues to be. The boys in the room where I have been are as kind and attentive to me as if we had all been brothers. I never heard a cross or angry word in their midst.

Stanley Central Hospital.

January 14, 1863.

As a young lady once said to me, "my chat stuff, I am afraid, will run out." But speaking of the "softer sex," I must not omit the Sisters of Mercy, or Charity, as they are sometimes called. They have an odd way of dressing. They wear black slippers, black—I don't what to call it, but it is an all wool dress, with great big over-sleeves of the same material. I don't know what their bonnets are like, as I cannot and never did see them. They wear long black veils that come down almost to their feet, a cape collar that comes down to the points of their shoulders. There is a collar that fits close around the neck; then a strip up each side of their heads, covering the ears and

temples; then over the head, covering a part of the forehead. Their capes, collars, and other fixtures about the head are of fine white muslin, and starched as stiff as ever I saw a shirt bosom. They wear a belt or girdle; to this is suspended a string of beads from the size of a pea to a robin's egg; also have a cross suspended by a black chain set with silver, and another suspended from their neck, with an image of the Savior on the cross, of pure gold. Then they wear a little silver medal about the size of a silver dollar. One side of this bears the image of the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus in her arms; below, the initials B. V. On the other side, the figure of the Savior on the cross, with the soldiers piercing his side; below, the initials I. H. S., which mean, "I have suffered." All this is worn by them all the time, even when at work, for they all work, excepting one of them, at cooking, washing, and I saw one of them dressing wounds this morning, and oh, how soft and tender she handled them, talking all the time to keep their minds from their real or seeming trouble. Really, it looked as though an angel had come down from the realm of bliss to minister to the wants of the poor, suffering soldier, and their looks told, too, how they appreciated the kindness thus bestowed on them. Heaven bless the sisters in their good work of charity to their suffering fellow-creatures, for if ever the blessings of a nation or a Christian community fell on any one, they should have it.

IN CAMP AT
NEWBOURN, N. C., March 1, '63. }

Col. T. F. Lehman is to be promoted to Brigadier General. He will supersede General Hunt of the 85th N. Y., who was appointed and has been acting since the battle of Kingstown. Some promotions of late in Co. E; E. G. Gretty to captain, Bryson to 1st lieutenant, and Peter Wisenstine to 2d lieutenant. C. H. McClung is orderly sergeant; the corporals are all mad, and have handed in their resignations; do not know how they will fix it up. S. B. McCandless is on picket to-day at the R. R. bridge. This is the easiest guarding to be done here, as there is only one beat to stand for each sentinel, and that lasts four hours. On every other kind of guard each sentinel stands four beats of two hours each, in all eight hours. Then he must walk his beat all the time in daylight, with his gun at a "support arms" or "right shoulder shift," and bayonet fixed; must not let any one go over the prescribed limits; salute all officers according to their rank, a "carry or shoulder" for line officers, and a "present" to field officers or the officers of the day in camp. At sundown or retreat the sentry gun is fired, all saluting ceases, and at taps challenging commences, and continues until daylight. Every one, no matter who he may be, is challenged by the sentry and made to come up and give the countersign over the point of the bayonet, or the corporal of the guard is called and he is taken to the guard-house. If he has the

countersign he is allowed to pass on. The sentinels have the whole control of everything and every one after night ; can carry their guns as they please, or, if on a stationary post, can stick the gun up or lay it down, and sit down, provided the gun is within reach. Then, should anything occur, they are ready immediately to defend their post or person and give the alarm. Camp guarding is the most tiresome and monotonous; picket the most dangerous, but the pickets here are not exposed to any danger, as there are two outer lines, one three miles and the other twelve miles out. The 85th Pa. Vols. is doing outpost duty ; the 45th Mass. central-post duty. The 44th Mass. is encamped by us. They are a well-drilled, cleanly regiment, but are no soldiers, for they are all cowards, and denounced as such by their own state. They were out on two reconnoitres, and both times refused to go into action. The last time the 9th New Jerseys charged bayonets on them to drive them in, but they broke and took to the woods.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., July 5, '63.

I should like to know how the 4th was celebrated at home. Our Post had no celebration, dinner, or anything of that kind, but according to an order we were paraded on the parade ground, and the Declaration of Independence was read to us by Lieut. Kelley, of Co. H, acting adjutant, after which a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions for publication, our views and opinions of the war.

Col. Maxwell, Capt. Alexander, Co. A, First Lieut. O. R. McNary, quartermaster of the 103d, Second Lieut. John Cochran, Co. C, Sergeant J. Krugg, Co. K, Corporal Stokes, Co. D, and Gibson, of Co. B, were sent to draw up and report. In the meantime Major Gibson treated us to a short speech. The resolutions were then read and unanimously adopted.

The regiments were then dismissed to their quarters to put away their equipments and have a good time generally. All work, drill, etc., suspended. Had no demonstration beyond the firing of a salute at noon by the artillery stationed here, which was answered by the gunboats handsomely.

The officers got up a dinner expressly for themselves, and of course ate it themselves, but for my part they were welcome to it. We have news that Vicksburg has surrendered, if so, the rebellion is completely severed.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., July 31, '63.

Mud! rain! heat! long, hard, tiresome marches, and a prospect of measuring our strength with double our number of the enemy. Such has been the order of the day for several days past. Last Sunday (the 26th) at 9 A.M. we were ordered to be ready to march at fifteen minutes of eleven, with three days' rations and forty rounds of ammunition. At the time we fell in and formed the brigade, moved out on the Aquia road, Col. Lehman commanded;

marched till sundown; stopped at Williamtown, fifteen miles march; some of our men gave out.

We started next morning at ten, marched nine miles to get four; burned the saw mill known as Foster's mill; the rain began falling in torrents at dark, but on we went, and at 11 o'clock, tired, sleepy, sore, exhausted, wet, and muddy we halted at Jonesville for the night; only about fifty of the regiment were up; I lay down on the ground with my haversack for a pillow; under the soothing influence of a heavy shower of rain I fell asleep and slept till daylight. At ten A.M. we started again for Plymouth; I took it barefoot, half the regiment ditto; sometimes the water on the road was waist deep. We got home at four P.M., had marched just fifty miles.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., Sept. 28, 1863.

The persimmons are getting ripe, so we can have some wild fruit to eat. I suppose you never saw a persimmon. They are in size from a ground cherry to a hen's egg. When green they are of a bright green color, and one drop of the juice would pucker your mouth worse than a peck of choke cherries. When ripe they turn near the color of lean, dead flesh, and taste like a well-preserved tomato, if anything, sweeter. The best kind of them have two seeds, the others have from four to six. The seeds resemble a half-ripe melon seed. They are in the flesh of the fruit, which in color resembles currant jelly. The rind

is as thin as a tomato, and very tough. Altogether they are a nice fruit and very palatable.

While I think of it I will tell you how a party terminated a short distance from here not long ago. One of the 17th N. C. was discharged and came home. Four of his comrades came with him, their regiment lying only twenty miles from here. The girls, as a matter of course, got up a party for them and all hands anticipated a good time. While the preparations were going on an old citizen, who knew all the parties and the circumstances, came to our picket line and gave information leading to their capture, and offered his services as a guide. Twenty or thirty men were sent out to the place, old cit. showing them how to get there as quietly as possible. The house was quietly surrounded. The inmates were having a good time generally.

Our fellows kept quiet and let them have the best of their fun. They had danced until they were tired, when a knock was heard at the door. "Who's there?" Opening the door one of the Union soldiers said: "These young men are my prisoners." "What will we do, what will we do?" asked a young reb. "Jump out of the window," said a girl. Just then a dozen bayonets were seen gleaming through in the light outside of the window. "Look there," said young reb, pointing to them. "Run, run," said the girl, "run for your life." He turned around with a look of horror on his face. "Ah, I know a d—nd

sight better, we had better surrender at once." They began to deny knowing anything of the rebel service, or that they were ever soldiers. Then Mr. Citizen, the guide, came in. There was no more denying, they all hushed up instantly. Next morning found them safe in Plymouth jail instead of bidding tender adieus to their sweethearts and lady-loves, and I doubt not a wiser set of boys.

JOSEPH M. STETSON.

Co. K, 57th REG. ILL. VOL.

CAMP ROBINETT,
CORINTH, MISS., Feb. 15th, 1863. }

DEAR SISTER EMMA—Your long and complimentary letter of the 7th inst. was received with pleasure last night, and I read with deep interest your fears in regard to our nation's peril. I am glad that the resolutions we passed upon at Corinth are read and talked of by our brothers at home. I hope it may have some effect on the "copper-heads" that are disgracing our country that the loyal boys are fighting for. I still have faith in our governor. I believe he will ask of us nothing but what is right and just for the preservation of our Union, and believe he will do all in his power for the *comfort* and *welfare* of those he has called upon to fight his country's foes. I have been reading his proclamation to-day, what he proposes for the benefit of Illinois soldiers who are sick and wounded in hospitals. If the people work with him Illinois soldiers will be cared for. He has always looked for his soldiers after they have been engaged in battle. His presence we remember after the bloody battles of Shiloh, Corinth, and elsewhere. "Dick Yates don't feel above speaking to a private soldier," I have heard thousands of times, and I

know that he has the good-will and respect of all loyal boys at the front.

I little thought my last letter would be so long reaching you, and for fear this might be an age on the road, I have bought some thick paper that I guess will stand the jaunt. Hope I will have another as pleasant a dream as I had last night after reading your letter. What do you suppose it was? I dreamed that I was at home talking with sister Em, and reading over old novels, just as we used to, and so many other things that I can't remember them: I only wish they had been true. Taps have sounded, so good night and happy dreams.

THE SAME.

CAMP ROBINETT,
CORINTH, MISS., July 5, 1863. }

One year ago I thought by another Fourth this wicked, unholy rebellion would be crushed, but still we are engaged in warfare; but our cause, we think, is just, and that we are fighting for *life, liberty*, and pursuit of happiness, and, if my health is spared, I feel that if it is necessary for me to serve longer than my time, I will stay until the last rebel is conquered. Last night we (our squad) ate that large raisin cake for supper. I cut it into twelve pieces, so each one could have a taste, and all pronounced it delicious. The sponge cake was also excellent, and kept

very moist. I stewed some of the dried apples for dinner. The shirt fits *exact*; the boys are quite inquisitive about it. I can hardly pass through the regiment without hearing some one say, "Hello, Joe, where did you get that hickory shirt?" Such shirts are scarce in the army. I know of but two excepting my own. You wished to know what had become of our chaplain. For the past two or three months he has been at home sick, and is excusable, but he hardly ever preaches when he is here. He kept a sutler's shop in town until he was ordered back to his regiment. So you see we can't depend on him for much service.

TO THE SAME.

CORINTH, MISS., July 26, 1863.

I am just relieved from picket duty; was stationed in a blackberry patch, and had a good time eating berries yesterday. I witnessed rather a solemn scene Thursday morning—a deserter and spy shot dead. A. J. Johnson, 1st Ala. Cavalry, U. S. A., deserted his picket post, taking with him two horses and equipments, and turning the same over to the rebels, and joining them also. Our cavalry took him prisoner in Tennessee on the last expedition, capturing the horses, too. He was tried and sentenced to be shot, by order of the president, and last Thursday the whole division was formed in a three-sided square; the Chaplain then led the prisoner on the ground, where a

sort of procession was formed, the band leading ; four men with a black coffin followed next, the Chaplain and prisoner behind. They were marched in this form around the whole line, the prisoner being led by the Chaplain, who looked very serious and as pale as death. I tell you, Em, it is a solemn scene to see a man following his own coffin, and keeping time to the muffled drums. After marching around the line he was led to the center, blind-folded, and seated on his coffin. He was then given time to say what he wished (a few words which I could not understand); the Chaplain then prayed for him. Twelve men of the 1st Ala. Cavalry were ordered to form a line eight paces from the prisoner, with guns, six being loaded with bullets and six with blank cartridges. The command, *ready, aim, fire*, was then given by an officer, and the prisoner fell dead instantly, without a struggle, six balls passing through his person, two through his head, the others through his breast.

POST HOSPITAL, ROME, GA., }
July 21, 1864. }

I have finished copying the prescriptions, and got my work pretty well done up. Well, I suppose you would like to know how I spent the 4th of July. I was busy in the hospital most of the day; walked up town in the afternoon to see what was going on; found ambulances and soldiers passing to and fro as usual. It reminded me

of our glorious victory at Vicksburg, 4th of July, 1863, and how much our army has accomplished in the last year, and of the struggle that is still going on that we may celebrate that day free and independent, under the same flag our forefathers bequeathed to us, and every loyal man ought to feel a pride in sustaining it. I often think the North should be more determined, and send every man into the field that is able to bear arms, then we should very soon see the end of this wicked and traitorous rebellion. The South has sent every man into the field that is able to go, old and young. Those copperheads in Illinois that won't volunteer ought to be drafted—but I am delivering quite a speech to one who does not need it. You may send this part to some "vile copperhead." I cannot help feeling provoked to see loyal men fighting rebels, and then have to contend with traitors in the rear. If our Illinois soldiers had the privilege of voting, I know they would have Yates in the governor's chair. He is the soldier's friend, and a lover of his country. As I have not the privilege of voting, you must vote and electioneer for me.

FT. BROWN, SAVANNAH, GA., }
January 7, 1865. }

Sherman's army is now preparing for another *forward movement*. The most of the 17th A. C. have gone on transports. I don't know where, but I presume to Ft.

Beaufort or Port Royal. The report in this evening's paper is, that Gov. Brown has dismissed the Georgia State Militia, and claims protection under the old flag. The stars and stripes wave over the most of Georgia soil. Gen. Hood has lost the most of his army. Communications to Lee's army from the south and south-west are nearly all destroyed. We are confident that our army can easily take Charleston and Wilmington. I would like to know what there is then left of secessiondom?—a vast territory, with its railroads and means of transportation destroyed, and the country devastated. They will be *compelled* to *submit* to *United States* rule. It is true, General Lee has a large army in Virginia, but that state cannot sustain more than its own inhabitants; and one thing certain, when Charleston falls they cannot receive supplies from the south-west. The 15th A. C. had a grand review to-day.

GOLDSBORO, April 9, 1865, }
 Sunday afternoon. }

DEAR SISTER—To-morrow we again start on a campaign. The troops are in the best of spirits, and rejoicing over the capture of Richmond and the rout of Lee's scattered and demoralized army. I see by New York papers of the 5th that Grant is following him. Oh! it is glorious news for our nation. It surely looks as though the end was near at hand. Sherman, I suppose, will move for

Joe Johnston; and when Sherman starts out we think of nothing but success, for, you know, his army has never been defeated. I believe this will be our last campaign. Would we not have a joyful time if I should get home by the 4th of July, and celebrate that day as a *free and united people*? I have frequently heard it remarked as Sherman's saying, that "in less than two months he would discharge one of the best armies the sun ever shone upon." We all feel proud to belong to Sherman's army. He has led us through so many glorious campaigns, and marked our roads safely over rivers, swamps, and creeks, through the heart of the Confederacy, reaping victories and demolishing the C. S. A. We hope soon the "last swath will be cut." I fear it will be some time before I receive any more of your good long letters, as Gen. Sherman has ordered all mail for his army to be stopped at Ft. Monroe. We will probably get no more letters from home until this campaign is over.

WILLIAM H. ROGERS,
Co. G, 55th O. V. I.

TO HIS MOTHER.

STAFFORD, VA., }
Jan. 10, 1863. }

DEAR MOTHER—This is an awful dull place they have got us into this time. Not much to do but drill, inspection, and guard. No marching, papers scarce, little news. I have applied for a furlough, am to be examined this P.M.; have little hopes of succeeding or I would not be writing this. I have the assistance of the Co. officers, the Col., and assistant surgeon, and if they can't carry me through I can't go.

“SECOND DISPATCH,” TWO DAYS LATER.

I stopped writing Saturday to go over to the medical director's to be examined. I cannot get a furlough. The surgeon said I was too good looking; that my face condemned me. I was too healthy. Think I should have enjoyed a month home very much. I left but one thing untried and that was to “play off.” I had not the cheek to do that; your letter did me much good. Besides the pleasure always afforded by receiving news from home, I know that you are not wanting for anything and are always in good spirits. We think it our right to grumble at anything and everything, a right our forefathers fought

for, and which is guaranteed to us by the "Declaration of Independence" and "Army Regulations," and as soldiers in this glorious cause we claim our prerogatives in this case. I don't know as the papers tell it, but we know our Reg. is A No. 1 in drill, cleanliness, and discipline, and ready for a fight, *but remember* we are not *spoiling for a fight*. I am very sorry that E.'s people have put themselves to so much trouble as to attend to my affairs, or perhaps according to their statement it would be more proper to say "our affairs." I think in the future we can save them the trouble. Please tell them if they feel anxious, that I need no assistance. I am not afraid of any one that "won't go to war." A young man that stays at home when needed by his country as much as it needs him now is of no force. He may have "fine points," and be a model young man and all that, but *we* can't see it in that light. He has not the first principle of true manhood. One who is false to his country will be false to his God and to mankind.

I must send a soldier's letter (unstamped) again. I have borrowed so many stamps from the boys I had to pay them back first.

CAMP NEAR BELL PLAIN LANDING, }
Feb. 1, 1862. }

When Burnside made his second attempt to cross the river we were sent here to occupy the place of troops

that were to advance, this corps being in the rear. Left Stafford on the 20th of Jan. We have been busy building quarters since we have been here; had two days of very bad weather, one in particular I think I shall remember as long as I live—*working all day in a heavy snow storm, and a miserable muddy hole to sleep in at night.* Only a bit of a toothache the next day reminded me that I had not escaped entirely unscathed. I don't think the army of the Potomac will do anything of importance for the next two or three months.

Our chaplain is preaching near by, but I must write. I don't like him much, he thinks the shoulder straps make lots of difference.

BROOKS STATION, VA., May 11, 1863.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

I received your letter of the 5th on the 9th, and right glad was I to hear from you again. On the same day (the 5th) I wrote to you we were behind breastworks waiting for the enemy, and expected every minute to hear the sentinels fire. We had passed through one terrible trial, and we felt considerably broken in spirit. I felt worse than I did after the Bull Run fight. But the next day after our battle here we repulsed the enemy with terrible slaughter to them. Still our corps is resting under a disgrace. We felt confident of victory. "Man

proposes, but God disposes," and he or some one else blinded our general's eyes so they could not see what was going on; a blind man might have seen it, it was so palpable.

I have just finished a plate of bean soup minus the plate.

I do not know what we are going to do; many rumors are afloat in camp, among them is one that Gen. Siegel is in Washington trying to get command of the 11th Corps. This is grasped at and readily believed.

Col. Lee has resigned; he leaves us to-morrow. I had a talk with him this morning. Said I wanted him to clear this thing up in the minds of the people and let them know that the 55th O. V. I. is not a band of cowards to run at the first fire and leave our flag to be disgraced. He said the people should see how the matter stood if it was in his power.

Our Lieut. Col. offered his resignation, and about twenty line officers had theirs written to send in if the Lt. Col.'s should be accepted, but the news got to head-quarters, and the Gen. shut down on the plan. Suppose I had better stop writing and brush up a little as we are going to have corps drill in half an hour.

LOOK OUT VALLEY, TENN., }
Nov. 20, 1863. }

We have made one change since I wrote you last, and that was only a few rods to get behind a hill out of the

sight of the enemy on Look Out Mt. We are having plenty to do now. They detail the pickets, then take all the rest for "fatigue duty." We are building forts and corduroys.

I don't believe the people know what the 11th and 12th Corps have done in here for the cause. We saved East Tenn. by opening the river nearly to Chattanooga. Our officers were talking of evacuating the city, and East Tenn. must have been evacuated as a matter of course if the main army fell back. The rebel papers say of this movement of Hooker's: "Never was there a campaign better planned or more brilliantly executed than this." They acknowledge that we are able to hold our position against great odds.

The rumors of Sherman's whereabouts are numerous. Some say he is passing up the other side of the river to flank the enemy on the right, others that he is already on the left trying to get into the back door of their kitchen.

CAMP FOSTER, TENN., July 30, 1864.

This is Saturday night. I have just got through with the labors of the day, and scrubbed up for inspection, which comes every Sunday morning, but to-morrow being the last day of the month, we are to have more than usual. For my part I had rather be at home and go to Sunday-school or church than to attend the inspection, but it must be done and I will have to take Co. G out, as our Capt. is on duty.

No excitement here except the news of heavy firing near Atlanta.

I reckon myself pretty fortunate in getting the order to report when I did. I see the old Regt. had its share in the battle. Have seen no casualty list, and would like to hear direct from there as to how the boys fared in the fight.

The body of Gen. McPherson passed through the city last Sunday. I was on duty in town, but was released before the procession passed through. Another brave and good soldier has given all he can for the cause of liberty. It seems that this is not enough, many others must pay the same. It is dearly bought, but priceless in value.

CAMP FOSTER, Sept. 16, 1864.

We have just had a bit of excitement in camp. Some of the new recruits were talking of running the lines to-night, and were overheard by the guard, who reported the fact to me. I gave strict orders to stop every man. Some of the men were playing and running about, making a great deal of noise, and ran too close to the sentinel, who ordered him to halt, but he did not stop, then he was fired on. Fortunately for the man the sentinel was a poor shot—nobody hurt. I expected a row, but it did not come.

I have not read Gov. Seymour's speech. There is so much of such treason talked I do not care to notice it. I get so angry every time I read anything of that kind

that I almost shun it. If McClellan is elected I shall make every honorable effort to get out of the service.

When this government becomes so corrupt and the people so debased as to elect *such* a man to preside over their destinies, I shall abandon them to their fate and seek in other countries the peace we shall never know here. Peace on the McClellan basis means *submission* and *humiliation* to rebels in arms, to autocrats of the South. It means separation infinitely small or *eternal war*. You know without my telling you that I would not support Mc.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 11, 1864.

Micawber like, I have been "waiting for something to turn up." We are situated on a high bluff overlooking the city and the Cumberland river. We also have a fine view of the left line of our battle. I have seen them make two reconnoissances since we have been here. It seems strange to me to lay back and look on without having a hand in the matter.

Very cold weather at present, wood scarce. Gen. Thomas has issued an order to take wood wherever it can be found. There was a hard fight at Franklin two weeks ago. The rebels came up in column, charged and re-charged, but to no effect. They left the ground strewn with dead and dying. Two rebel corps went back badly demoralized on account of their heavy loss. I hoped Hood would try the same thing at this point, but he seems to have grown cautious.

CAMP FOSTER, Jan. 10, 1865.

We are pretty well fixed up again; have a log cabin 12x14, one door, window, and fire-place. We have a home-made "French" bedstead, an arm chest for a sofa, a cedar bough wash-stand, an office table and desk, ammunition boxes for chairs. Although we have no Brussels carpet we have something as soft—*mud*.

I don't see how there can be more than two parties in this war. I cannot conceive of a *man*, an *American*, who is neutral. I should say of a person who called himself neutral, that he either had no soul or was a liar. Now if it is a fact that there *are* two parties, and I can see no possible chance for a third, a man that *cannot* support the war for the Union must be a rebel in soul if not in body. War democrats, copperheads, and rebels are all of the same family. I can see no difference except in name. Mr. K. got my opinion of men of that kind if he read my last letter to Uncle O., for I had occasion to speak of them, and I did not "touch lightly." Am glad I was not at home when he was there for I could neither have heard him talk or talked with him without saying something personal and offensive. War democrats! A man is either a Union man or he is not.

I had an application for leave of absence written when my attention was called to the following: "Officers on leave of absence will not be paid." Thought I would wait, as I have nearly six months' pay due.

MONTGOMERY WISEMAN,

4TH KY. VOL. I.

TO HIS SISTER FANNY.

LEBANON, KY., Dec. 16, 1861.

We have drawn our new clothes, and they are the nicest you ever saw. We have two suits, and are not allowed to wear one suit off parade. No man is allowed to go dirty or slouchy. We have to brush our clothes and black our boots before going on parade. There are 2,000 regular troops joining our camp, and they are all uniformed like officers, feathered hats and epaulets, but we have as close regulations as they do. Fanny, I wish you were here to see the sights. The whole country is one perfect encampment, and to see them all in battalion drill is a scene you would never forget. At reveille, or tattoo, the noise of the bands are deafening, and trains coming in with 2,000 or 3,000 troops on board is a nice picture.

This is the best place we have camped at yet. Can get anything and everything we need. Lebanon is a very large town. We don't know how long we will stay here, it is thought we will leave in a few days for Tennessee.

CASTILLIAN SPRINGS, Dec. 8, 1862.

You do not know, dear sister, the weight of anxiety your letter has removed from my mind. I was away

south when the rebels first invaded our state. Could I have had the chance I should have gone home. I bought a rifle on purpose for the bushwhackers, but when we had driven the rebels out of the state, I would have died before having the stigma of desertion attached to my name, as some of our boys have.

We have met with a sad defeat. Yesterday a portion of Col. Owen's brigade, consisting of 1,800 men, stationed at Hartsville, on the Cumberland river, was surrounded and surprised and taken prisoners by the rebels, consisting of Roger Hanson's infantry and Morgan's cavalry, all Kentuckians. They found our pickets asleep and were in the camp just at break of day, before our men knew they were about. Our men fought them bravely for over an hour, but were new troops and could not form a line, so they had to surrender to superior numbers.

As soon as the firing was heard Gen. Miller was dispatched from this place with his brigade to Hartsville, eight miles, double quick. He got there soon after the surrender, and had he pushed on could have taken the whole rebel force before they crossed the river. He stopped and threw shells at them until they had crossed over with all their prisoners. We were on picket, and were called in about 10 o'clock, and sent to Hartsville, got there too late, and came back the same night. Have heard cannonading all day in the direction of Murfreesboro, and have been kept under arms. In the morning we

start for Hartsville and cross the Cumberland, not to stop until we find an enemy. So says Col. Fry. He and the 4th Kentucky and 2d brigade are the terror of the rebels. They have fled from him, and if we ever catch them look out for another Mill Spring.

Our regiment don't walk on a march, we run, and a horse has to trot to keep up with us. There is not a better regiment in the service.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 17, 1863.

We are camped four and a half miles from Nashville. The talk is that we will go on to the front of Rosecrans' army, in which case we will probably get a hitch at old Bragg again at Tallahoma or Chattanooga.

Our Morgan chase into Kentucky kept us out of the Murfreesboro fight. The 8th Kentucky caught it pretty severely, though. Our old comrades, the 3d Kentucky, of Camp Dick memory, were cut up very badly.

It is thought since the waters are up there will be a general forward movement all over the West. If there come floods enough to raise our gunboats over the muscles shoals in Tennessee river the jig is up with the rebs, as Chattanooga is then ours, and we can send as many troops as we please into the rear of the rebels, and our boats can run up into East Tennessee.

We left Gallitan on the cars for Nashville, and that night guerilla Wheeler dashed in below Nashville with

his cavalry and burned three steamboats, one of them full of wounded soldiers. The next morning we started in pursuit and chased them twenty miles in the rain and sleet and caught them, as a matter of course, with them twelve hours the start of us, they mounted and we afoot. We camped that night at the house of a rich old bushwhacker, took all of his buildings to sleep in, burned his fences, and took his feed. A brigade of East Tennesseans took his meat and everything they could find. The East Tennesseans clean thè rebels out where they go.

LA VERGNE, TENN., Feb. 13th, 1863.

We are busily engaged in building a fort, and it is going to be one of the neatest things I ever saw, and I believe when we get it finished it will put Bragg and his whole army at their wits' end to take it.

The leaven of Kentucky treason is at work here. Our regiment did very well until stirred up by home traitors, and now it is almost dangerous to proclaim loyalty to the government. Our camp is like a den of wild beasts, but I believe our officers are loyal. I don't think justice can be done to Kentucky unless she secedes and is scourged as her sister Tennessee has been, which I consider the best state of the two. Kentucky is in an uproar and threatens to secede. If she calls in her troops, as she threatens to, I may get to see you all again, for as certain as this regi-

ment is ordered in, and it obeys, the state cannot command my service, for I shall set myself free.

Large bodies of troops are pouring into Nashville every day, and moving off on the Columbia road. Something of importance will take place in Tennessee now.

LA VERGNE, TENN., May 3, 1863.

Gen. Steadman, at present commanding our brigade, took us out two days ago on an expedition beyond Stone river. We went with our wagons to the guerilla headquarters, and for every man concerned in the burning of trains or robbing of sutler wagons we hauled off all his corn, grain, and forage, leaving them nothing to subsist on. This seems hard, but think how they burned up our wounded in the cars and on the boats, and they murder every soldier they capture. I have respect for a confederate soldier who puts on a uniform and shows his hand, but for a sneaking bushwhacker, they deserve no mercy.

Gen. Steadman told them if they did not come in and take the oath he would burn every house within ten miles of Stone river. One of the houses we found full of sutler goods.

We have turned over our tents and drawn spreads, commonly called dog tents, and I pity the dog that could not afford better lodgings. Spread a table cloth over a pole about waist high and you have a good sample of a dog tent. It is too thin to give shade or turn rain, and won't

stop southern dew. We have made cedar bough houses over the "doggies," and the camp presents the nicest appearance.

I have no expectation of eating peaches at home this summer, for the western army has come to the conclusion that if old Richmond is ever taken, we will have to do it. "All is quiet on the Potomac," is a by-word in our department. It is thought Lee is throwing the Virginia army into Tennessee, and we will have to fight the combined southern forces.

WINCHESTER, TENN., Aug. 3, 1863.

Don't know when we will leave this place. When we do it will be for Alabama or Georgia. Our cavalry is constantly bringing in rebel prisoners. The negroes are formed into the 1st and 2d Alabama regiments.

It would make you laugh to see the negro officers drilling their men. "Dress up in ranks dar, Bill." "Sam, doesn't yo knos better dan dat?" "Right face dar, Joe and Sam," but they learn about as fast as any people in the world.

LIEUTENANT P. M. BURR,

Co. B, 52d Pa. Vol.

TO HIS SISTERS.

YORKTOWN, VA., Dec. 18, 1862.

We have just returned from a foraging expedition to Galveston Court House; were gone four days; took \$40,000 worth of property. We left there about sundown; in two hours after five or six thousand rebels came into the place, but we were out of their reach, otherwise we would have been badly whipped, as we only had from twelve to fifteen hundred men. We have just received the particulars of Gen. Burnside's defeat. I think by all accounts it is the worst defeat of the war. We are daily expecting an attack from Gen. Wise.

The drums are beating and I must go and call the roll.

ST. HELENA ISLAND, S. C., }
Sunday, March 15, 1863. }

I thought when I last wrote that before this time we would be knocking at the gates of Charleston for admittance. Something has delayed us. Such an expedition takes a large amount of time and expense to fit it out. We have not over 17,000 men here to attack the place with, while we think the enemy has from 20,000 to 30,000 and are strongly entrenched. I hope they will get things

ready pretty soon as I am tired of lying on this island. It may not be the one that Napoleon was banished to, still the name sounds bad.

STEPHENS' BATTERY, July 2, '63.

We are now camped $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from town in a very nice pine grove. I like the change. We practice firing with 64 pound shells; think this about all we will do, for I have no idea the rebels will ever come near us here. They are all the time pounding away at Charleston; I would like to be there; am afraid we can't go.

HILTON HEAD, June 6, 1864.

We have had new potatoes, string beans, and peas for three weeks; rather more than you can say.

I intend to stay in the service as long as I think we are needed as bad as we are now. I do not believe in giving up the ship after so much has been sacrificed. Wish we could get where there would be something going on, so we could get some news to write about, but I see no prospect of getting away from here at present.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Dec. 9, '64.

We are exchanging prisoners here now. It is impossible to describe the situation of our poor fellows. Some of them are nearly starved to death and others are entirely destitute of clothing; very many have died on board the

boats; some four or five hundred were brought in that had not tasted food for two days. No nation can prosper that treats its prisoners so shamefully. They may claim they have nothing for them to eat; then let them be liberated and sent back to us. The rebel prisoners get nearly the same rations as we do.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Aug. 9, '64.

The officers that have been under fire at Charleston were exchanged and came to Hilton Head when I was there a few days ago. I saw Col. Dana, of the 143d Reg.; Col. Hoyt did not like to wait to be exchanged, so jumped off the cars while on the way from Macon to Charleston. He was gone three days before the rebs found him. Seventy-five jumped off and only three of them got through our lines. They say the darkies did all they could for them. The rebs have made it rather unpleasant for us for a week past. You can imagine how it would seem to be waked up in the night by the bursting of a 200 pound shell and hear the pieces tearing through the tents. Last night we marched down the beach to get out of range. To-day we are digging ditches to lay in nights. Our camp seems to be the present object of attraction. We could move out of range but it would please them too well. A steamer tried to run the blockade last night; got grounded on Sullivan Island; this morning they had the satisfaction of seeing her knocked to pieces and set on fire by our guns. We

have just heard that Petersburg has been blown up by Gen. Grant, and one S. C. Regt. blown out of the world in an instant. Both sides are getting more desperate every day, and as that feeling increases, so will the cruelties of war. Thirty thousand of our poor fellows are prisoners and kept in an open field back of Charleston without any shelter, and are dying off at the rate of 100 per day.

MOUNT PLEASANT, S. C., March 8, 1865.

There has been quite a change in military affairs in this department. Of course you have heard of the evacuation of Charleston and all of the surrounding defenses on the night of the 17th. We had been expecting some such movement on the part of the enemy for some time; were watching them very closely in order to be the first to occupy their works. On the morning of the 18th, Major Hennessey and myself started with one boat and were the first to raise the flag on Fort Sumpter, Ripley Castle, Pinkney, and the old Post-office, the Citadel and Arsenal. We were at the lower end of the city while a brigade of rebels were at the railroad depot, and their cavalry patrolling the streets within 300 yards of us. We were there an hour before any troops came. If they could have got there as soon as we did we could have taken several prisoners and saved hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property. They were setting fire to the U. S. arsenal when fifty of our regiment arrived on the double quick. If they

had succeeded the best part of the city would have been destroyed, as there was a large amount of powder and shell stored there. Gen. Potter followed them about fifty miles; we were called back when forty miles from the city, and are now stationed here two miles from Charleston, in a very pleasant little village. Quite a number of families are living here and some pretty nice looking young ladies. Some of them begin to think a *Yankee* is not so bad as they are reported to be. If we are allowed to stay here time will pass more agreeably than it did on Morris Island. The 52d had a pretty lively skirmish with the rebel cavalry and killed two of them with no loss on our side.

The above letter is verified by newspaper reports of the evacuation of Charleston, reported at that time.

LETTERS TO MRS. RUTH T. W. PIERCE.

While Mrs. Pierce was visiting in Logan Co., Ohio, some one wrote an article to a home paper there describing the homesick soldier when he did not receive letters from his friends. On the impulse of the moment Mrs. Pierce addressed a letter to the initials signed to the published article, saying, "When you get this call all the boys together who have received no letters by this mail, read it to them, and tell them it is from their sister," and through Lieut. Kline she corresponded with Cos. Q, G, E, O, and I until the close of the war. But two copies of the precious souvenirs of her impulsive patriotism, so richly tinged with romance, yet welded still deeper into the reality of the homesick soldiers' appreciation, survive the ravages of twenty years, which we very much regret.

BERWICK CITY, LA., March 6, 1864.

MRS. PIERCE—Yours of the 15th of last month has been received and welcomed. I was much surprised, as well as pleased to see the effect my poor contribution to the *Republican* had. I did not in the least expect it to have effect upon any but my immediate friends and acquaintances that would benefit us here. You cannot imagine the manner in which your kind letter was received

by the boys for whom it was intended. It was read and re-read, not only by those who received no letters, but by all.

It was accompanied by a copy of the *Republican* that contained the production signed "G. W. K'." The paper was read first, then your letter. The boys will not soon forget it. They comprehended at once its meaning, and the object the writer seemed to have in view. I hope my letter in the *Republican* will have the effect to move many more to their duty, for my picture of the disappointed soldier was but a mere shadow, or the mere outline of the shadow of the picture of a soldier that is disappointed a few times when mail is distributed. I have some poor fellows in my company that wait and watch for months for letters from their dearest friends before they get them. I think it is indeed cruel that our friends should become so much involved in pleasure and enjoyment as to forget the means by which their pleasure is secured to them. We stand as a mighty wall between them and danger. I sometimes think they are very ungrateful to us, if not ungrateful, very neglectful.

The pen is said to be mightier than the sword, and I begin to realize it, for really I think your pen has done more on one sheet of paper towards crushing this rebellion, than the sword I have carried for more than two years and a half. I don't want to bring reproach upon my own sword, neither do I wish it ever to be disgraced, but it never has as yet touched an enemy, and I don't

know that it ever had the tendency to revive and enliven Co. I as much as your letter has, in the eighteen months I have carried it in the Company.

I agree with you exactly in the direction of honors, as to officers and privates. I think more of, and honor the lowest private in the rear ranks *much* more than a great many officers with whom I have become acquainted in the service of Uncle Sam.

I am slightly acquainted about Pickereltown, but to do my best I cannot bring to remembrance Hettie and Mollie and Abbie and Julia. The soldiers you wrote of being at the literary society I am do doubt acquainted with, for I used to live in Marmon's settlement, and possibly those boys were schoolmates of mine. Think I could have enjoyed a roam in the sugar camp, but about the time you and Hettie and Julia and Abbie were engaged gathering sugar water, I was enjoying what Texans call a "Northerner," of which you have no doubt heard, especially if any of your correspondents have had the pleasure or rather the task of visiting Texas as soldiers. You seemed inclined to think that we, in our Dixie home (sometimes called the Sunny South), do not suffer with cold. I will tell you candidly I suffered more during one of those "Northerners" in Texas than I ever did with cold in Ohio. We are not well prepared in this climate to bear cold as in the North. The blood does not seem to be in the right temperature to withstand it. It required more

clothing last New Year's day to keep me comfortable here than it ever did at home in the coldest time, but such weather does not generally last more than a few days. I will now ask you to begin here and read back, if you please; however, there is no compulsion about it. [Remainder of letter written between lines.] We are enjoying fine weather here now; plowing has been going on for some time. As we came along the Mississippi river from its delta to New Orleans, day before yesterday, I was pleased to see so much agriculture in progress. We could see as many as twenty plows on one plantation. Crops will be growing here long before anything is planted in Ohio.

You wondered if we all had to stand guard. We do. That is a duty all soldiers must perform. Disagreeable as it is, it is not so bad as the harmless manual which you remembered that the children were playing at. Then going through in reality what the children playfully term "Bang," is a terrible exercise when done in real life, and performed in earnest it is not soon forgotten. You also expressed a wish to know what we thought of copperheads. I will tell you, we have no sympathy for a real copperhead. We do not fear the rattlesnake of South Carolina or hate it half so much. We countenance no sympathy for our enemies.

We are now upon the eve of some great move, but what it is, we as common soldiers do not know. A soldier might be termed an automaton, for he moves at the will

of some other mind. When it says to him, "Come," he comes, and when he is told to "go," he goes, just as if worked by wires. This is the only way an army can be made effective. It requires discipline, rigid discipline to make troops what they should be. Some parts of the army are much more restricted by discipline than others. Eastern officers are the strictest disciplinarians, and we Western troops sometimes feel their restrictions when we come in contact with them. A few days ago one of our lieutenants was arrested for playing base ball with private soldiers, a thing not allowed among eastern troops, and not noticed by us.

Well, now here is Capt. Chander and Sergt. Black, and they have almost thrown me out of balance, and here comes Sergt. Humpheries, I suppose to assist them. I will have to let my pen think and write both, and you will have to make allowances. Their topic now is letter writing. The Captain is just telling of a splendid letter he once received from a lady, and from his description of it, I am not much flattered with this, and I fear if I do not leave it soon I will be induced to destroy it.

The boys of Co. I join me in sending you our sincere respects, and say that we will be happy to hear from you again. I fear you will have some trouble in following this letter, but it is entirely out of order for a soldier to make apologies. This leaves us enjoying a reasonable degree of health, and hoping it will find you and Mollie

and Hettie and Abbie and Sue and Julia and the children the same.

I am respectfully,

LIEUT. G. W. KLINE,

Co. I, 96th O. V. I.

CAMP PAROLE,
ANNAPOLIS, MD., Aug. 20, 1863. }

DEAR MADAM—I have been so reticent of late, that I fear you will conclude that your “Potomac correspondent” is not a paying institution.

The whole twenty-six of us that were captured at Chancellorsville, “frenched” it home from here and made a stay of from one to three months. Most of the people extended to us a hearty welcome, and we were especially entertained at numerous parties, dinners, suppers, and balls. At a supper given us the table was decorated with Union and rebel flags. At our request the rebel flags were removed, and some one took down the Union flags with the boast that they should not be put up again. We had four times our number to contend with, but we determined to put them up, and your humble correspondent acquired some notoriety by placing the flags in their butternut cakes, and defending them. “The boys” had several encounters with the butternuts at Eaton, in which they were successful, with but one exception. In that case the butternuts brought on the row, stabbed two of my comrades, one of

whom died, and two citizens, one of whom died. We buried them both in the cemetery at Eaton, our comrade with the honors of war—one procession and one sermon answered for both, and they were lowered into their graves at the same moment. It was the most solemn scene I have ever witnessed. The citizen was a deserter from the rebel army and had been married only three weeks. We also buried our captain, who fell at Gettysburg, while at home. The above mentioned murderer was bailed out by his friends for \$800, although imprisoned on three indictments, two of them for murder in the first degree. What made it still more aggravating we were engaged in burying our captain when he was released. New writs were issued for his arrest, but he escaped.

Having had a fine visit at home, and thinking it time for an exchange we appointed the 10th to start back. All the boys reported themselves present, and among the cheers and blessings of several hundred, who had assembled at the depot to see us off, we took a second and probably a last farewell of our native country. Gen. McLean, of Cincinnati, gave us transportation to Baltimore; there the provost marshal gave us transport to this place.

D. B. MORROW.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., June 2, 1864.

DEAR FRIEND—We have been furnished horses, and became mounted infantry, and as we are the only mounted

men here we are kept very busy, too much so for correspondence or anything else not immediately connected with our duties. For more than a month we were almost daily in the saddle, and part of the time nightly. We drew our horses the 16th of April, started on our first expedition the 25th, and did not return until the 15th of May. We went to Lake Harney, crossed the river and gathered cattle along the south shore of Harney, on the grand prairie. A detachment at the same time went to Sand Point on Indian river, and another to Smyrna, on the coast; these had for their object the capture of cotton and contraband goods of war, and to rid the country of any rebels that might be among the inhabitants. This expedition captured and destroyed 400 bales of the southern king, a large quantity of turpentine and naval stores, liberated fifty slaves of all ages, sex, and colors, and drove to Jacksonville 1,600 cattle; also captured about a dozen prisoners, and brought in twice as many of Captain Bush's company. These were refugees from rebel ranks and rule, and came into our camps by the wayside for protection. They were employed by us as guides, necessarily, as the country is very sparsely populated, often forty to sixty miles between settlements, and only a hunter's trail leading through the woods and swamps to them. The country is remarkably level; timbered by a scattered growth of pitch pine; little lakelets are abundant. The country produces a fine growth of wild grass. The peo-

ple's wealth is in their cattle, one man often owning 5,000, which they brand and turn out to graze and seek no more until they are wanted for the shambles. The natives live in little pole cabins, thatched with palmetto leaves or covered with clapboards. They produce cotton, and manufacture their own apparel; make their own sugar and molasses; raise sweet potatoes, which they substitute for bread; or use corn, which they grind on little hand-mills, and altogether live in a very independent, primitive, patriarchal manner. Along the river in the little towns there are some very aristocratic establishments.

After our first expedition Cos. C and E went out to establish a post at Enterprise. We went to Wilaka to take the mail to a Co. of the 17th Conn. stationed there. On our arrival we found that Capt. Dickerson had crossed the river that morning and captured Capt. Hobby and company and their surgeon, 26 men in all. Our Capt. went back on the road eight miles and sent five men to another post up the river to ascertain if they were captured, and if not one would return with the information and would reinforce; instead of doing this he sent another messenger with orders for them to evacuate. This courier lost his way and returned to camp without delivering his message, so the post of 15 men and a part of our company was taken. We did not interfere, and knew the rebels' intentions. The captain is strongly censured by all acquainted with the circumstances. He reminds me of Napoleon's remark con-

cerning Marshal Ney, "It is better to have an army of deer commanded by a lion, than an army of lions commanded by a deer."

We are now scouting the country from here to Valutia, 60 miles distant. Our brave captain is in the hospital, where the boys all hope he will stay. A schoolmate and particular friend of mine whom no one faults, is in command of our company. I hope this cruel war will be ended the present year, if not, I would like to see those at home liable to military duty "lend a hand." If my aid is still needed to preserve the nation, I will throw all other considerations aside and fight on. We hear glorious news from the North, but are slow to believe, because we like to spare ourselves the pain of disappointed hopes.

I am slow to discard so interesting a correspondent with principles and motives so pure as yours. I am particularly fond of correspondence, especially with intelligent ladies. I think with equal opportunities they write a better letter than a gentleman. Before being mounted I had much time to devote to the best literature obtainable, now I am content with the newspapers.

Very Truly,

D. B. MORROW.

CONVALESCENT CAMP NEAR NASHVILLE, }
Dec. 23, 1864. }

MY VERY DEAR, LONG-LOST COUSIN :

I was in the city yesterday overhauling our company's desk, and found among other things a letter, which I saw at a glance belonged to Hi. I put it in my pocket, not even stopping to look who it was from, and so when I came to camp I read it, and don't you think I was glad? Nearly as much so as if it had been addressed to me. You inquired for me and I determined you should know if only by a word or two. What good letters I used to get from you, and oh, my sad and lonely heart yearns for letters to-night. I have had none for some time, nor will I get any until I join my command. I will tell you why I am sad. You know by the papers, no doubt, that we have had a fight here. On the 16th inst. the 10th Minnesota and some other regiments made one of the most desperate charges ever made by mortals, up a very steep hill in the face of the enemy's work with a direct fire from the front, and an enfilading fire pouring into their ranks all the time. In that dreadful charge my much loved captain fell, mortally wounded, our first lieutenant badly wounded, my best brother-in-law, Hiram, the first sergeant of our company, had his arm all shattered to pieces, and now it is off, poor Hi. Quite a number of our best men were wounded, and four privates in our company killed on the field. The captain lived till next day, and then, poor man, *his dis-*

charge came. He was aware of the fact and ready; told the boys it was an honorable death to die. How we all loved that man, not an enemy in the company or regiment, or in the world, except in the Southern Confederacy. Our Lieut. Col. commanding, and major, were also wounded. I fear the major will die. Capt. White (my captain) was the pet of the regiment, and next to him I love the major. I have been for the last two or three days straightening up the captain's affairs, sending his clothing and sword to his friends. I just got through to-night; came home after 8 o'clock to my cold, lonely, dreary tent; got my supper and then sat down to write. May start to-morrow to join my company. I feel unusually lonesome to-night. Don't feel like going back to the company now, but I must. Your letter stirred up within me a remembrance of some of the happy days of other years, when I, your married cousin, played the beau, much to the annoyance of a would-be favorite of yours—I have forgotten his name.

Yours as of old,

J. A. CANFIELD.

Co. F. 10th Minn. Infnt.

CAMP NEAR MOBILE, ALA., }
 June 9, 1865. }

KIND FRIEND—Before this reaches you I hope you will have confirmed information of the 96th Ohio being on the way home. It is possible, but hardly

probable, if I am to judge from the efforts our superiors are making to reach that end. It appears that our general commanding the corps, Gen. Granger, thinks the muster-out of any of his corps at this time would operate to the prejudice of the service. It is believed by some that the muster-out of his troops now would have a great tendency to change the form and color of the insignia of rank on his shoulder straps from a silver star to a gold leaf, as he is major in the regular army, and this doubtless is the last command he will have during the present war as large as a corps. I do not wish to convey the idea that Gen. Granger is not a good commander, we all think him an able and good officer. Yet, I believe under the present circumstances I would think more of him if he would order us home now. He has not all the power necessary and I will not complain. I have never enjoyed the benefit of a leave of absence, and as the time approaches and the better the prospect, the more anxious I become.

Preparations are being made to transfer the recruits in the regiment to some other, which might be considered a sign of something. We judge altogether by signs. We find out nothing of the future in a military life. The past and present tense is all we know as soldiers. The weather is getting so warm here as to be almost oppressive to Yankees.

LT. G. W. KLINE.

KENDALLVILLE, IND., }
Sept. 18, 1863. }

I received to-day a letter from Charlie, saying that the company was as well as could be expected and that the boys say if their captain was back with them they would not be quite so lonesome as they are now. The position I occupy with my boys of Co. E. is one that makes my heart glad, and I never look back to the hour when I parted with them but it makes my heart ache. You tell me Charlie writes you that he misses his captain. Who could doubt it? We have in the year past walked 2,000 miles together, slept together, ate together, spent hours together on the advance picket line, hours together foraging, for wherever I went Charlie went with me. When I sat at my table writing to my friends at home, he sat at the other side writing to his wife. Do you think it strange that he writes to me, "Captain, I am lost without you?" When I was ordered to go on any dangerous mission, Charlie never had to be asked to go with me, he was *always* ready, and when we had but one cracker between us, we divided it and ate it with a smile—a thing we have done many a time. On our long, hard, and weary marches his good health and strong arm have made many a hard bed soft for me.

W. M. BARNY,
Capt. Co. E. 100th Ind. V. I.

CHARLES C. PIERCE.

Co. E. 100th IND. V. I.

TO HIS WIFE, R. T. W. PIERCE.

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., Jan. 3, 1863.

We are still at this place, which before this unholy war was of considerable importance and of much beauty, containing 6,000 inhabitants and surrounded by one of the best and loveliest farming districts in the South. There is hardly a vestige remaining of what it once was. The best part of the town is now in ashes. The depot and all the public buildings were burned last Saturday by a band of guerillas, and about 1,200 of our troops paroled. I hear that General Grant court-martialed the officers and dismissed them from the service, as it seems they allowed themselves to be surprised. B., of the 12th Ind., fell behind his regiment, was picked up and paroled, and is now at home preaching. He is a regular "play off."

How did I spend New Year's? Foraging in company with four men. We went six miles and "relieved" an old rebel of corn, hogs, sweet potatoes, etc.—started at 6 o'clock and got back at 1, then attended dress parade.

CAMP IN HICKORY VALLEY, TENN., }
Jan. 11th, 1863. }

I am still knocking about in this "old shell," hearty and in good spirits. Fact is, I don't get any other way, and

shall try not to as long as it can *do no good*, for I believe some of our best boys have filled untimely graves from failing to act rationally in this matter; good, brave boys as ever shouldered a musket. Inaction gives a chance for loneliness and then homesickness, and oftentimes letters from home are of such a tone as to increase it, and then they are "done for." He should avoid idleness when his duties are done (which is the first thing a soldier must think of), then go in for rational enjoyment and exercise. Better play ball and pitch horse shoes than sit down alone to think about home and friends until his heart is ready to break.

You wished me to keep a diary, now let's see how it would work:

Jan. 1st. Foraging for corn and pork from Holly Springs west. 2d. Lying in camp with only the usual routine of duty, various rumors from abroad and quite favorable, trains in with supplies. 3d. Battalion drill. 4th. Called out for picket, we supposed, about 11 o'clock, but found it was for forage. 40 of Co. E, 40 of Co. K, all of Co. F 6th Iowa, 40 Co. E 12th Ind., went about six miles and loaded 83 teams with corn, and hardly made a hole in the pile one man had on a farm of 1,200 acres. Got back at dark. 5th. Logan's division passed here; Lieut. Collier came back to camp not well, but improving slowly; have marching orders for six o'clock in the morning. 6th. Marched thirteen miles to a little town called Salem. 7th.

Moved at 7:30. Marched through the finest country I have seen in Dixie; camped near noon at Spring Hill. Capt. Barney burnt off the grass where he wanted his tent, and the fire got away, which made lots of fun. After dinner *some one* went out to the grove and shot a hog, and it was dressed and brought in without the "butcher" being caught. Afterwards the same man was sent with a squad to arrest a soldier for shooting hogs, with orders to deliver him to McDowell; he told the men he could arrest that man and they could go back. Then he concluded he didn't enlist to guard rebel property, and went back to camp himself. I don't know whether the soldier went to McDowell or not, guess not. 8th. Expected to stay here several days, and fixed our camp in good style, but at 12:30 at night got marching orders for 7:30 in the morning. 9th. Moved before it was fairly light. Division parts. Denver takes one arm and goes to La Grange, and McDowell the other to Grand Junction, where we met the Q. M. and sutler, and got our tents; they had left us at College Hill. At night the rain was the hardest I ever experienced. 10th. Forenoon spent in fixing up camp. At noon got orders that three companies must report for guard duty for five days. Cos. E, H, and K are detailed for the same, and fall in line at double-quick and are off for Hickory Valley, fully eight miles distant. I am left with Mose Whitcomb, Dan Drake, and John Miller to draw the rations for five days and guard the wagons. We

get to camp about 9, very tired, spread our tents and go to sleep. 11th. Sunday, inspection of arms and fixing camps. Got eleven letters from my wife to-day, *bless her!* What a Sunday I will have reading about my babies, and the strong, earnest words of courage and patriotism; no discouraging from her! 12th. Went foraging; got hams, pickles, and vinegar. Harry Nelson went along, but the tramp was too much for him.

Now here are twelve days' record, and you see they are filled up with hard work, expectations, and disappointments, but here is another call and I must close.

HICKORY VALLEY, TENN., Feb. 3d, 1863.

I have been doing more than my share of duty lately to favor some that are not so strong as myself. There are a good many sick, with bad colds mostly.

Suppose I tell you how our tent is occupied: The Capt. is out, and Lieut. Jones and Geo. Himes (one of Palmeter's printers) are playing checkers. Nelson is on the bed asleep, but the Capt. has just come in and piled everything movable upon him, especially the wood, and now he is tickling his nose with a feather to wake him up, and then it will be lively around here.

I was detailed Sunday night as sergeant of the out-post, two miles distant. I reported for orders and was politely informed that I knew my duty and to use my best judgment in case of an attack. So off I posted with three men;

found our post all right. There was a very pretty, faint moonlight. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible, which was nothing to brag of, lying out the 1st of January without fire. We were just fairly quiet, when, whiz! a ball flew past us, and though there was no enemy in sight we knew there was one not far off, but they had warned us, perhaps unintentionally, and all we could do was to watch developments. Two of the boys after a while fell asleep. About 11 o'clock I thought I heard something like a fence fall, and warned the men; just then the moon came from behind a cloud and I saw thirty rods off two rebs step out from a fence, fall into line, and shoulder arms, then two more, and so on until fifty had joined them. Then I thought it time for us to retreat, and as there was nothing for us to do but retreat, we had to show our skill in that direction. We were protected by the R. R. and a cross fence. They were very quiet, evidently intending to "gobble" us, and then to camp. When they got where we "were" we were somewhere else; two of us were but fifty rods off watching them while the others went to camp to give warning. A spy had been in camp, but they didn't catch "live Yanks" that time.

COLLIERSVILLE, TENN., Apr. 8, 1863.

Well, we had the unexpected pleasure of a visit from the Hon. Wm. Mitchell this morning. He was received with three rousing cheers. He had many words of en-

couragement, and a shake of the hand for everyone, then he mounted a box and made a speech, which, though it was nothing new, was highly appreciated, for I tell you it was like a cool breeze in a hot day to see a familiar face just from home. He was escorting three ladies from Goshen, Ind., to Memphis, for nurses.

I don't want to discourage you, but this war will not end this summer, and in the course of the next eight months there will be more fighting done, and with more determination on both sides than ever before. The expected sympathy of northern rebels for the confederacy is so slight, and promises so little help that it does not encourage the South. Fact is they dare not league themselves with the South, and are too low and mean to be Union men, and too big cowards to openly join the rebels, so they busy themselves stabbing our soldiers in the back while we are fighting for our country. They meet disappointment from foreign powers where they expected recognition. True, they sell them arms, but at ruinous prices, and buy southern cotton for a song.

We generally get out in line every two or three nights—for practice, I guess. Companies D and K were out last night some three miles above here expecting rebels to cross the road, but they failed to connect.

You would be amused at the different dispositions manifested here in regard to "fixing up camp." We are splendidly accommodated now.

CAMP SHERMAN, MISS., Aug. 25, 1863.

I am enjoying the best of health, while death stares us all in the face. There are from two to five buried every day in our division burying ground. Our own little band lost two good boys the other day; Daniel Parker of heart disease. I was talking with him the minute of his death. The other was a fine young fellow named John Ingle, who died of congestive fever. A number of others are quite sick. You are worrying about the sickness here. Well, our army has been very much exposed. We left a very healthy place in Tennessee and came here in the hot, sickly season, and it proves to be one of the most unhealthy of places, with water that is poison to some, though it looks good. Besides this we have been doing some very hard marching, and lying out in all kinds of weather, with no extra clothing, many without even a coat, and very poor fare part of the time. It is no wonder some die, but I find the most of these spent the winter at home, and others have not the requisite amount of pluck to say: "I will stand up to the rack." This is the kind of man that makes the useful soldier—one who says: "I am enlisted for the war and I mean to do all the duty that falls to my lot, and a little more if I can."

I think for beautiful vales, shady groves, and pleasant slopes some parts of Mississippi excels all other places I have been.

COLLIERSVILLE, TENN., Apr. 18, 1863.

The morning of the 13th inst. I was detailed in charge of twenty-four men of Co. E, and ordered to report at Memphis. Our force comprised 100 men; twenty-four from Co. H, in charge of Lieut. Shanks; twenty-four from Co. K, under Lieut. Wise, and twenty-four from the 90th Ill., in charge of Capt. Holdman, and all under command of Capt. Gillespie, of Co. B, 100th Ind. We went down on the cars—were there three days. We got fifteen six-mule teams, with harness and wagons complete, and two ambulances loaded with sutler stores. We started at 10 A.M. and got here just at dusk—thirty miles. To-day we moved camp to better ground and I am very tired. The country between here and Memphis must have been a paradise before the war. It is mostly level and improved with large fields, which gives it the appearance of a prairie country. The beautiful groves of timber are cleared of underbrush and logs, which makes it look nice and clean. The residences are mansions or castles. They remind me of French novels I have read.

One house in particular must have cost \$100,000, and the furniture corresponds. The plantation has 6,000 acres improved. The owner's name is Judge White, and there are others just as fine, all the earnings of slavery. One splendid residence close to the road was used as a pest-house. Of course it will have to be burned.

MARIETTA, GA., Aug. 10, 1864.

Cars now run to the front. Our duties are very confining and keep us busy, but not hard to perform, as we have no rations to handle, only for those who are stationed here. Hard fighting in front every day. It is rumored that Hill and Longstreet have reinforced Johnson. This cannot be true, for how could they leave Richmond with Grant thundering at the gates of that doomed city? We are progressing slowly, but surely. Sherman seems to have full confidence that his army will conquer, but it is no child's play, I can tell you. We have lost a great many good men and a great many more will have to fall.

We now belong to the 2d brigade, 4th division, 15th A. C. Col. Wolcott, of the 46th Ohio, is our brigadier commander. We will join him in a day or two, and may have to pay for our rest in hard work. All I ask for is good health. Privations and fatigue I expect, and if my country demands it, my life or my limbs, it can have them, but for the sake of my family I hope not.

Sherman is planting some heavy siege guns, so you see Atlanta has not yet surrendered. Some think the hard fighting is done. I shall believe it when the last armed rebel is dead, or lays down his arms. Our boys all seem anxious for another peep at the Johnnies. And so you wouldn't shake hands with George S.—your old class leader, too—or with “Blarney” and others? How could they expect you to with your husband and brothers fight-

ing to preserve for them a country and they stabbing us in the back? It raised a shout in our tent, for do you know the boys watch for your letters, though they have never seen you.

A Tennessee regiment is quartered in front of us this morning (the 12th inst.) They have served their country three years and are going home, taking their arms to fight bushwhackers with.

MARIETTA, GA., July 15, '64.

We are camped one-half mile west of town. Col. Heatt has his head-quarters in the mansion of Ex-Gov. Brown. We are camped in his grounds, which comprises twenty acres in the city corporation. He seems to have been a southern nabob. There is an abundance of flowers and shade and the nicest grape arbor I ever saw, and oh! the figs; just come and hold your apron while I shake 'em down.

I now hear the boom of artillery on our left. Doubtless our forces in that quarter have attacked Mr. Reb in his stronghold at some mountain to the east and south of Atlanta. Our approach is from the north-west. They say the ball has actually opened, our forces having all crossed the river in spite of the rebels' boast of their strong position. We have a fellow that will find some way to make it too hot a climate for them, if by no other way than coming round and hitting them on the end, that is, flanking them.

Who ever heard of an army being followed right up with a railroad, so their provisions and munitions were at hand. The rebs burned the bridge at the river, which was useless, as "Sherman has one on the train ready to put across," so the Jöhnnies say. A story goes that a rebel officer with a squad of men went to destroy the railroad. As they were about to blow out a "fill" a soldier protested on the ground that Sherman would have one ready made on the cars, and all they could do wouldn't stop him a moment. So the "fill" was not disturbed.

Col. Heatt, of the 100th Ind., has command of the fortifications here, and is putting them in good repairs, so if Morgan or Forrest should call on us we can give them good accommodations. We like to treat our callers with the best the *nature* of their visit demands; to our enemies, a liberal supply of hot lead.

IN THE FIELD BEFORE ATLANTA, }
August 20th, 1864. }

I should have replied to your letter of the day before while in the ditches yesterday, but being up all night, and under heavy fire all day poorly fits one for writing. We go on skirmish by regiment. We skirmish two days—half the regiment at a time, as the 100th Ind. is twice as large as the 6th Iowa or 103d Ill. Our half on duty last night without losing a man. The 103d Ill. lost two the day before, and the other half of our regiment lost one

this morning from Capt. Fast's company. His name was David Soles, married a short time before joining the army. We are expecting marching orders, as "Old Billy" is changing the base of the army, but the opinion is current here that the 15th corps will only swing around; reported that the corps to our left are moving to the right, the 4th to the extreme left, 20th next, 17th and 16th, etc., and that we are going to occupy the left and thus give the enemy the country made desolate by our armies, and throw a heavy force on the right and cut off their supplies.

Gen. Sherman and staff rode along our lines yesterday. He looks care-worn and as if he had seen hard service. His staff consisted of one corporal riding about two rods in his rear, and looking as if he had seen hard work, too.

STEPHEN M. AIKEN.

Co. K. 10th IND. V. I.

TO HIS WIFE.

MILL SPRING, KY. Jan. 27, 1862. }
 ZOLLICOFFER'S ENTRENCHMENTS, NOW OURS. }

We have met them and they are ours. Last Saturday night Cos. K and Q were ordered out on picket, our company in advance were thrown out two miles from camp. Nothing happened till daybreak, when Wolford's cavalry, the advanced pickets, commenced firing. We instantly rallied together, Wolford's men fell back to us saying there were only 200 of them coming, thought we could whip them easily. The cavalry went back to camp for the regiment, we soon found it was too hot for us. James E. Doster was wounded in the foot. I did not know that the company had fallen back, so with three or four others kept on firing till we were almost surrounded, and if I ever did run it was then. George Shortel pulled off his boots to run, the bullets whistled thick but did not hit us. We got back to where Co. G was stationed; and were instantly formed in line of battle. Our regiment came up and we all pitched into the enemy. We fought more than an hour, then our general ordered us to fall back, as they had almost surrounded us. We were fighting some 8,000 or 10,000 men. As we fell back the 4th Ky. came up, and we again

formed in line of battle, fought an hour longer and were reinforced by the 9th Ohio and 2d Minn. The battle was then at its greatest fury. Gen. Zollicoffer rode up to Col. Fry of the 4th Ky., and said: "Colonel, you are mine and your men are mine," and instantly fired at him, but missed. Col. Fry raised his revolver, taking deliberate aim shot his antagonist through the heart, and this was the end of the bold rebel Zollicoffer. The rebels fell back at the fall of their general, fighting desperately. We cut the Mississippi and Alabama regiments to pieces. In the heat of battle we run out of cartridges and had to go after some, this gave the enemy an advantage, as they supposed, but it was a gain to us, as it brought them out of the woods where we could see them, and they began falling back at every discharge of our rifles. Col. Fry says it was a harder fought battle than Buena Vista, for we fought greater odds and contended the ground inch by inch. Co. K of the 10th Ind. had only seven wounded, one fatally. Lieut. McAdams of Co. C. was shot dead on the field. The 4th Ky. lost a great many men, as did the 9th O., and 2d Minn. The rebel killed and wounded is somewhere about 600. We took 200 prisoners and 2,000 horses, 13 cannon, and several thousand small arms, tents, sabers, and the strongest kind of fortifications. We followed them as they retreated. They went into their fortifications and as it was getting dark we halted till morning, sleeping on our arms. Early the next morning some of us went up on a

hill, we could see all bustle and confusion in the rebel camp, and a steamboat plying across the river loaded with men. We knew they were retreating. Our gunners got their cannon to work and commenced shelling them. The steamer was instantly fired by a bomb bursting in it. We could see the men running on the other side of the river, were ordered forward and started on the double-quick for the fort, but were too late to take anything but a few prisoners. They left everything, even to their little trinkets. We reached the river but could go no further as the steamboat was burned and no other way of crossing. The secesh were fortified on both sides of the river and they left everything on the other side, guns, bunks, and their victuals on the fires cooking. They more than left in a hurry. We have taken about \$15,000 worth of property.

Feb. 28, 1862. }

SAILING DOWN THE OHIO NEAR CANTON, IND. }

Yesterday we passed through Louisville from Bradstown, camped two miles outside the city, and yesterday we passed through Louisville and were presented with a splendid flag at the Galt House, with the words "Mill Spring," engraved on it in letters of gold. The other three regiments were also presented with a splendid flag similar to ours—the 9th Ohio, 2d Minn., and 4th Ky. They were the regiments that came to our assistance at Mill Spring.

The people all gave us a hearty welcome as we passed through, and many a welcome given the gallant 10th and a hearty "God speed you," by the fair ladies of Louisville. At Bradstown the ladies met us on the street and tried to persuade the general to let us remain a day or two in the city, but it was a forced march and we could not stop long. They treated us to the eatables and drinkables, and had victuals put up in papers for us to eat on the march. We went on board the steamer at the foot of 8th street at 10 o'clock yesterday, did not leave till dark.

Our four months are now up, and we have not been paid anything. They say we will draw new uniforms, new tents, cooking utensils, and pay, when we arrive at our destination. We do not know where we are going. We are expecting a fight when we get down the river, we will do or die.

"Sons of America, list ye to the cry,
The loud fearful warnings that ring to the sky,
Shall foul blackened falsehood unanswered be borne,
Americans be branded with insult and scorn?
Strike, strike, for the Union, the freedom we crave;
Bury secession in a deeply dug grave,
We'll fight as our fathers, on land and on sea,
And die as they died, for our country so free."

This is my sentiment as we float down the river. Blow after blow will make the Union cause triumphant, and we will return home covered with its laurels.

BATTLE-FIELD PITTSBURG LANDING, TENN., }
Mar. 8, 1862. }

Since I last wrote events have transpired that will astonish the world. Another battle has been fought, one of the hardest ever fought on this continent. Horses and men, strew the ground for miles. There is no less than 10,000 killed and wounded on our side. We have taken a great many prisoners and have had a great many taken from us. They have taken Gen. Prentiss prisoner, one of our best generals. I went over the battle-field yesterday and it was a sight that would make a man's blood run cold if he was not used to it. The battle-field covers several miles of ground, and our men and the rebels lay in heaps over every part of it. I counted 30 horses and as many men slain in one heap, a cleared place. We were in the reserve division and did not come up till it was too late to engage in it. We did some hard marching to get there, marching in mud knee deep night and day for four days, and was then just a little too late. Two rebel generals were killed, Gen. Bragg and S. A. Johnson—so the rebel prisoners say. The first day was Sunday. The enemy attacked Grant's forces that were encamped, early Sunday morning coming into camp by surprise; the boys were in their bunks asleep. In this way they managed to take one or two Iowa regiments prisoners. The battle Sunday rather went against us, and if Buel and his forces had not come in at night our army at this place would have been forced to surrender, to the amount of

60,000 troops. The battle lasted over Monday, and ended by the rebels retreating on Tuesday. Prisoners are constantly being taken. Marks of the contending armies will be visible here for years to come. A good many men will not be buried, as the battle-field covers such a scope of ground. They took 12 cannon from us on Sunday, we retook them Monday with 40 others belonging to the rebels.

PERRYVILLE, KY., Oct. 11, 1862. }
CAMP ON THE BATTLE-FIELD. }

Again we have been in battle and come out victorious. You have heard before this of the defeat of Bragg and Smith at the battle of Perryville. The loss was very heavy on both sides, but the rebel loss was ten to one heavier than ours. Our forces under Buel were skirmishing continually from Bradstown to Perryville, where the rebel general stopped to give us battle. Our regiment and the 2d Mo. were sent in advance, went a mile and the enemy met us. The battle soon commenced in earnest, after we had fought an hour or two we were recalled, and a brigade sent out in our place. We were then put to support Loomis's battery on a hill in full view of both armies. Brigade after brigade came in action. Some of the regiments would be almost annihilated. The bombs bursting in air, the shrieks of the wounded, the cheering of the men, the notes of the bugle, the roar of the cannon and the clang of musketry made the scene thrilling and terrific. While we were

standing, almost spectators, the 2d Mo. by our side lost their colonel, several officers, and 200 men. We came off lucky, only lost four men killed and seven wounded; lost none in our company or Co. C. Seems that a ruling Providence protects the Clinton boys. We are after Bragg who is retreating. I have to write in a hurry as we are still burying our dead.

LEBANON, KY., Dec. 27. }
 CAMP BEN SPAULDING. }

I tried my best the other day to get a furlough, but did not succeed. The colonel says it is against Gen. Buel's orders, for the reason that a grand move is to be made and no furloughs will be given.

There is some talk of England fighting us. I am not sorry, if she is bound to fight us. She might as well do it now as at any other time—while we have our hands in. I see by the papers that she has given our country five days to decide whether we will give up Slidell and Mason. If the administration does give them up, I hope the people will arise and hurl it from power and elect another. If England wants Slidell and Mason, execute them first and give her their bodies. She has always sought every opportunity that lay in her power of insulting this government, and now if she wants to fight, let her come, we are ready and willing to whip her.

A. J. CROPSEY,
LIEUT. COL. 129TH ILL. VOL.

TO HIS WIFE.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 1, 1862.

We had an alarm last Sunday; we could hear the guns, and some said they were shells. Then there was a great hurrah to get into line; a few were taken suddenly sick, but nearly all were delighted at the prospect of a fight, anything better than lying idle. I suppose the alarm was caused by the firing of some of our own guns. There is a rumor this morning that pickets were driven in last night, and since an early hour troops in large bodies with cannon and baggage trains have been filing past our camp towards the country. Some say they are going out to fight, but there is precious little danger of that until we have a change of generals. With all the bloody battles that have been fought ten die in hospital to one on the field. The death of our commander, Nelson, caused quite a sensation here.

We get into line early every morning and stand till daylight to prevent a surprise, but if the best information I can get be true there is just now about as much danger in Fairbury, Ill., as there is in Louisville.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY, Oct. 15, 1862.

We are now 100 miles south-west of Louisville, at the tail end of Buel's army, which is after the rebel Bragg, As I wrote you before, the rebels can outrun our folks, and we are here in such force that they have no inclination to fight the main army. They pitched into one division the other day and got so roughly handled that they will let us alone for the present, still there is prospect enough to keep up an excitement. We have orders tonight to be ready to march at 3 o'clock in the morning. We shall probably go on to Cumberland Gap and then perhaps march back again, for I expect by that time the rebels will be in our rear.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., Nov. 22, 1862.

No officer can get permission at this time to leave here. Col. Smith has been trying to get leave to visit Illinois, and failed, though he was so sick he would be unfit for duty for a month. So you see what chance a well man has, and if we should go home without a permit we would be sent for as deserters and locked in irons. In the army everything goes by rank and orders. If a man outranks you though he may be a fool or a knave, or both, you must treat him with respect, and when you get orders from proper authorities, no matter how injudicious or bad or cruel, as a soldier you must obey or take the consequences.

We tried a man the other day for desertion and theft who had simply gone home to see his family and taken a government horse and arms with him, and he is now in jail awaiting his sentence for the terrible offense of going to see his family for one day, *or desertion*. This to some would seem like tyranny, and of course it is; most military laws are despotic. There are 3,000 lying sick in this hospital in every stage of disease, eight to ten dying daily. Some officers are forming bad habits, getting drunk and the like; I have no taste for this. Some are hearing from home that their wives are sick or their children dying. Some soldiers laugh over their troubles and joke about them, others complain and make long faces. The first are the best Christians; let us imitate them if possible, as our troubles are for the most part but petty annoyances anyhow.

BUCKS LODGE, TENN., Dec. 28, 1862.

The secesh have taken possession of the mail route somewhere up towards "America," and they may in the hurry of camp life forget to forward you my last letter. If they get this I will continue to write once or twice a week until our "beloved brethren" let up on the railroad embargo. It is rumored that the secesh have made an inroad into Kentucky through the mountains. If this is true we may have to take the back track towards Frankfort or Louisville. We have not the least idea one day where we will

be the next, but this does not trouble us as much as at first, for after a little experience we can pitch our tents and have everything in good running order in an hour and a half, and one accustomed, like your "worser" half, to take the world as it goes, without grumbling, soon learns to put up with the inconveniencies. I must stop here long enough to go to church. The chaplain of another regiment is preaching a few rods in front of our "rag house," or in a more dignified phrase, "our head-quarters." They often have meetings in camp, prayer-meetings evenings and preaching on Sundays, when we are not marching or happen to have urgent business, which is often the case. There is so much noise, confusion, and disturbances of various kinds that it makes the camp a hard place to hold religious exercises, still it does me good to hear the good old Methodist hymns that are not only suited to the emotions of a grateful heart, but remind me of the pleasant times in the past enjoyed in our own little village church.

BUCKS LODGE, TENN., March 24, 1863.

Col. Smith is quite sick again. Our regiment has mounted a few men and they are making quite a stir about the country here, bringing in rebels, horses, mules, slaves, and contraband goods. The other day a passenger train was taken by guerillas six miles above this place. They put logs on the track, threw off the engine and two express cars, and fired into the train. Some of our boys

got there in about fifteen minutes (they were camped two miles from the wreck), and the chivalry ran without firing a gun. These are the human beings that are praised by all copperheads as brave and chivalrous. Our boys wounded five of them, captured four men and four horses, and killed one horse. The more I see of these people, debased by the ruinous system of slavery, the more I hate the system. How any man who has any sense of decency can support it surpasses my comprehension. It most certainly is the "sum of all villainies." A just God must and will smite any nation that sustains such an infernal institution. It is a violation of every principle of justice, love, and mercy. Most of the people here are badly deceived. Ignorant, designing traitor leaders feed them with falsehoods about Lincoln and the Yankees. Not more than one-quarter of them in this country can write their own names.

RICHLAND STATION, TENN., May 9, 1863.

We have been in a state of fearful apprehension about the result of the battle on the Rappahannock. It seems from last evening's news that our army is driven back on the river with fearful loss. We hope for the best.

As to the trees, I took great pleasure in planting, taking care and seeing them grow, thinking that in the future we might live in their midst, eat their fruits, and enjoy their shade; trees always seem to me to be a kind of friends, and honest ones, always repaying those who love and care

for them, with fruit to eat, shade to protect from the burning rays of the summer sun, and shelter from the winds of winter. No hypocrisy, no cheating, no discount, but paying for just what they receive, and I always did love their beauty. They seem to be living witnesses of God's love to us, are much like the human family, first a little shrub that the foot of a child could crush and kill, next the rapid growth, then the bloom and beauty of youth so sensitive to kindly care or grievous wrong, becoming beautiful and useful or ugly and worthless. Then comes the tree in its prime, like man in the full vigor of middle age with all of his powers fully developed. Then comes the season of old age and decay. They tremble in weakness and debility and finally lay themselves down, like an old man, in death.

GALLATINE, Aug. 16, 1863.

Many still come in to take the oath, soldiers and citizens. Some days the court-house is crowded with them, and this is the case all over the South, that is of course the part of it in possession of the Union army. This shows they are losing all hopes, that in their opinion the rebellion has failed and that for protection they must get under the flag of Uncle Sam. It weakens the rebels as much as a defeat on the field of battle, for most that take the oath will to some extent support the Union cause, or at the worst, will no longer aid the rebellion. So you see I think

the golden days of peace are rapidly approaching, and our land shall no longer be filled with the horrors of war.

NASHVILLE, Oct. 11, 1863.

Last Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock we were ordered to proceed to the cars at once, prepared with 100 rounds of ammunition and three days' rations, to go to Franklin, twenty miles distant, and to Columbia, forty-five miles, five companies to each place. We had to send down town for rations, and to the penitentiary for one company on guard there, and it was 11 P.M. when we got to the cars, and another hour before we got under way. Started very slowly and finally stopped altogether, before going two miles, having found out we had too much load for the little engine, and we had to send back for another one. Got under way again at 3 A.M. Col. Harrison, who was acting commander, ordered me to take command until we reached Franklin, which I did. We found this place to be a very pleasant little city of 2,000 inhabitants; no rebels came to take it, so the second day we were ordered to return to our old camp at Nashville, and here we are after our short and bloodless campaign.

To-day I went down to listen to the ministrations of Mr. Baldwin, the secesh D.D. He seemed more secesh and less religious than before. He had received notice that his church was to be used as a hospital for wounded Union soldiers, and it probably disturbed the equanimity

of his Christian temper. The pulpit of the M. E. Church South has been filled with the blindest and rankest of traitors for long years. He gave notice at the commencement of the service, and some of his congregation cast glances, not very loving ones, at the soldier brethren present.

WM. B. ROBB,
Co. A, 26TH Mo.

NEAR MEMPHIS, TENN., Feb. 16, 1863.

Camp is always full of flying rumors, sensational news, and "latest dispatches." The intelligent soldier who cares for the interest of the nation and the progress of the war wishes to have a summary or detailed account of the proceedings of congress, the decisions of the last cabinet meeting, and the proceedings of the various state assemblies and conventions of the nation. The volunteer is highly interested in these movements, and it does not detract from his duty as a soldier to read and discuss these important matters that affect him as well as his neighbor at home. News for some months has not been equal to quarter rations. The dailies are brief, sensational, and very unsatisfactory to one who has been wont to have his weekly newspaper. If soldiers are allowed news at all, they should have a full ration, and not, as has been the case, just enough to excite and not satisfy them of what is being done. A weekly summary is enough for the common soldier.

The secesh organs have been doing a deal of mischief by their foul statements in creating a most mutinous spirit among the soldiers, leading them to insubordination and desertion. Month after month these infernal sheets have been circulated through our camps, disseminating treason-

able doctrines, with which their columns are filled. Every patriot must have rejoiced at the suppression of the *Chicago Times* and *Philadelphia Journal*. The latter paper I never saw in our camp, but one such sheet as the *Times* was too much. The soldiers who bought and read it had a perfect contempt for the miserable tool of an editor who presided over that faithful sheet to Jeff Davis and his nest of pirates. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* was another dirty tool for the rebel sympathizers and traitors of the North.

Not long ago our pickets took in some prisoners, and while escorting them to head-quarters asked them on what they based their hopes of success. One of them replied: "Why, according to your own papers the North will soon be divided and you cannot raise any more men, then we will be recognized and gain our independence." He was asked in what papers he found these statements. He answered, "*Chicago Times*, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and the St. Louis *Republican*." It is needless to add he was corrected and informed that these papers were not representatives of public opinion.

The incessant rains prevent any movements at present by land. We have *pontoons* placed around our camp and can have dress parade, and go to the sutlers.

VICKSBURG, MISS., Aug. 1, 1863.

FRIEND KITCHELL—The 3d brigade, 7th division, 17th Army Corps, played their part in the memorable siege of this

city until the 23d of June, when the approach of Johnson made it necessary to pay attention to his movements in our rear. A brigade from each division was withdrawn from the entrenchments and sent out to Black river. The 3d brigade, composed of the 26th Mo., 5th Iowa, 93d Ill., and 10th Iowa, under command of Gen. Mathias, made a rapid march of twenty-five miles in nearly as many hours. We arrived in the vicinity of a cavalry skirmish and halted, waiting for further demonstrations from the enemy. We waited for several days but no further show of fight, the enemy having fallen back. We changed our position and began to fortify, expecting some fine morning Johnson would be upon us like a million of wildcats, and "raise the siege of Vicksburg." Our forts were built and rifle pits dug ready for a furious battle, when lo! terms of capitulation were made for the surrender of Vicksburg. It was surprising to some, while others "expected it." On the 4th of July at noon, an order announcing the surrender of the city and garrison was read to the troops, who received it with deafening cheers and huzzas for Gen. Grant. Everybody felt relieved. Immediately after the capture of Vicksburg Grant sent out heavy columns after Johnston, who it seems got wind of the surrender and fell back to Jackson to make a stand against our forces, but he made a hasty retreat beyond Pearl river to the other side of Dixie. On the 15th of July our brigade marched to Jackson, but had not more than chosen our camp ground when we were ordered to

march back at once without even supper, loading our guns, for some cavalry were reported skulking in our way. We arrived at Clinton by 11 o'clock P.M. and lay down to rest on a grassy knoll near the town. At 3 A.M. the alarm was given, camp aroused, line of battle formed, and the enemy awaited; half an hour passed by and we lay down once more to mend our broken sleep. By early dawn the men were roused up to get breakfast as soon as possible, but before it was half ready the order to "fall in quick" was given and obeyed. The regiment was deployed about town and skirmishers sent out. The citizens were all up, and the deepest anxiety marked their unusual *long* faces. Some tried to get out of town but were promptly prevented. The firing of the skirmishers began and could be seen only a half mile from town. The secesh women became very much alarmed and hoped we would not fight in town, two old maids came to us frantic with terror and begged for protection. We told them we would hold the town, and if anybody was hurt it would be the fault of their rebel friends for attacking us there. The firing went on, while the boys tried to finish their breakfast. Two or three hours thus passed away and the enemy disappeared.

Of the condition of Vicksburg at the time of its surrender not much can be said of its sanitary arrangements. The stench of decayed animals killed by our shells, and the natural filthy condition of the rebels in camp (I have seen a good many of their camps, and never a one but was

pregnant with filth and stench), made it almost intolerable to live there after the surrender.

Our men are busy cleaning out the streets, alleys, houses, etc., that are in a horrible state of foulness. The rebels seem to be strangers to cleanliness. The activity of our artillery in shelling the city may have had something to do with it. The ravines are filled with skeletons of horses, cows, and mules killed by our shells. The town is not damaged much, but many buildings show the marks of shot. It is quite a curiosity to go around the city and environs and see the numerous holes in which the rebels lived during the siege, and it is astonishing how our transports ran the blockade last spring in the face of such guns as were planted to command the river.

One of the rebs. said: "We did not surrender to Gen. Grant, but to Gen. Starvation." Another declared we "had gained d—d little in Vicksburg and its garrison." They are down on Gen. Pemberton, and call him bad names. Most of the men are tired of fighting. The Missourians were severe on the treatment they received in Mississippi. They will fight no more for the C. S. A.

A rebel captain asked some wenches if they would not rather be with their masters. "No, sah;" was the quick reply. "How do you like the Yankees?" he asked. "Fus' rate, da are perfec' ge'm'ns by de side ob yo' secesh. We gits plenty to eat an' wear, an' pay besides." The rebels rode off amid the titter of the bystanders. I saw

some soldiers of "African descent" the other day in town. They looked well and were "pressing" all "gentlemen of color" into the ranks at the point of the bayonet. If he tries to get away they sing out: "Halt dar, can't come dat ar game ober us."

The paroled men marched out in front of us on the march to Jackson, which gave opportunity of contrasting the troops of the two armies. The rebels were dejected, care-worn, and spiritless. The pale, sunken cheeks, the coarse, home-spun and "nigger jeans," which beggars description, covered with grease and dirt, was certainly a sight to exhibit the reality of despair! Our boys well shod and dressed in blue, with elastic step, sparkling eyes, and ruddy faces, marched with glittering steel, and wore an invincible air of never-to-be-conquered heroes, whose fame dates from many a battle field. The rebels not only saw the contrast, but felt the difference between C. S. A. and U. S. A..

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., March, 1864.

If there is any poor, deluded, God-forsaken set of men for whom the *Union* soldiers have a more supreme contempt than the rebel hordes we have been battling so long, it is the detestable, whining, self-condemned "peace" croakers of the North, who are too cowardly to fight for principle, honor, or their country. They will rather follow the fag end of "Democracy" joined to the *dirty linen*

of secession, and cry peace, compromise, and Southern rights, till they all go bodily to the devil with his infernal crew. We don't like to use harsh language even to our "erring Southern brethern," but if nothing else will waken them to a sense of true honor and manhood, why, let it rain fire from heaven and scorch out the virus of treason from our land. Fire is a great purifier, both moral and physical. We find bullets better than ballots to decide the great dispute between Union and dis-Union. There never was a set of men more in earnest than those engaged in this war for sustaining the constitution. The copperheads will not be forgotten by us. I suppose they will not resist any draft by force of arms, but they will induce men to leave the country, and will influence the election to embarrass the operations of government. Their actions are closely watched by the soldiers, and noted for future reference.

FROM THE ALEDO (ILL.) RECORD.

CAMP AT LOUDEN, EAST TENN., }
 March 1st, 1864. }

The 27th Ill. V. I. received honorable mention for the part we took in that greatest of all battles the world has ever witnessed, the storming of Mission Ridge, by correspondents who viewed the scene at "a distance which lent enchantment to the view." None can know the terrible grandeur of the scene except those who took a part in the terrible conflict. We were ordered in line of battle and under fire on the 23d of November, but after driving back the rebel pickets a short distance and entrenching ourselves we lay quiet spectators of the battle of Lookout Mountain on the 24th. On the afternoon of the ever memorable 25th of November the programme was changed. Our line was slowly advanced a half mile nearer the mountain ridge that encircled us. We could plainly see the heads and glistening bayonets of the men in the long lines of works at the foot, on the sides and crest of the ridge. A short halt was ordered, and an occasional shell from the enemy's batteries prompted us to lay closely to the ground. At length the signal gun Fort Wood boomed forth the intelligence that all was ready. "Forward!" was the cry along the line, whose length was computed in miles of living men. Double quick, with fixed bayonets,

down a hill at first and across an open field, directing our march towards some buildings at the top of Mission Ridge, which had long been pointed out to us by deserters as Bragg's head-quarters. Boom! sounded our own artillery, which was now unmasked in our rear, while terrible was the thunder which opened in our front, sending screaming, bursting shells among us, but we stopped not to listen. Two miles in such a storm was a long march, but we stopped not to consider. At length we were in musket range of the first rifle pits, but we halted not as the minies came rippling past our ears, but rather quickened our speed as we crossed the open meadows and approached their works. One or two terrified rebels showed their gray backs and began scrambling up the hill, followed by a few more, and then arose a shout and cheer from our line of panting men, such as we never heard before. A volley from our muskets cleared the first ditch of half the rebels it contained, while the remaining half lay down in the bottom of the ditches, and we jumped in on top of them. We waited but a moment to load our pieces and catch our breath, when "forward!" was again the order. Up the hill and take the next line of works. All this time the roar of battle was that of Belmont, Stone River, and Chicamauga all combined, while grape, canister shot, and shell were hailing down on us as I never saw it before. The next works were taken, then a part of a brigade to our left gave way and left us exposed to a flanking fire.

It was here that our company suffered the most. We had just reached the third line of the works when Lieut. Love of our company was killed. He was a brave man. His last words were: "Boys, all rise together and follow me." As he raised to leap the ditch a ball passed through his neck and he fell back lifeless upon me. Within a few yards of this place Corporal Weber was killed, and Private Mosby received a mortal wound. Sergt. Beach, Corporal Schalich, and Privates Reasoner and Beach were wounded, and Private Lally received a wound, which has since proved fatal—all brave men.

We reached the top of the ridge in just one hour from the time of starting. The charge was finished—not by closed, neatly-dressed ranks, which looked so well in *Harper's Illustrated*, which are seldom seen in reality on the battle field—but by those who had the stoutest hearts, the best lungs and legs taking the lead and concealing themselves behind every stump or stone that offered any protection until the crest was reached, and the rebel army completely routed. The rebels continued to work their artillery until we were within a few yards of the cannons' mouth. They charged the guns heavily with grape and canister, depressing the muzzles so as to strike the ground a few feet distant and then rebounding to light among us. It is hard to tell what regimental colors first reached the upper works, but we know that ours were not far behind any of them.

No one who has not met his country's foes in mortal combat can imagine our feelings at seeing the guns, yet hot from dealing deadly fire on us, turned on a badly routed enemy.

After a moonlight fight we followed the rebels to Chica-mauga creek, six miles from Chattanooga, and picketed the ground till the evening of the 26th, when we returned to Chattanooga.

S. B. ATWATER,
Ord. Sergt. Co. G, 27th Ill. Vol. Inft.

NATHANIEL FROST,
Co. K, 4TH MINN. VOLS.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

CAMP CLEAR CREEK, July 19, '62.

Your letter finds me rather limp. I have the jaundice or some other yellow complaint. I have followed the doctor's prescription as well as possible, but the drugs are a little stronger than I can stand. I take boneset tea, and think that is better than all the drugs. The army here is not doing much but burying soldiers. In this God-forsaken country they are dying off pretty fast, the climate, drugs, and doctors killing about three to one killed by the enemy.

I must confess that I am ashamed of Gen. Halleck's action here at Corinth. I think if he had not been here Beauregard would not have marched his army to Richmond. Gen. Pope sent word to Halleck that he had made all necessary arrangements and was ready to open the ball, and would lead the attack with his division. Other generals also notified him that they were ready, but he told them to hold on, make all their moves very cautiously, and not bring on a general engagement. This happened a week before the evacuation. All this great army awaiting Halleck's orders, while the rebels skedaddled. I begin to think his sympathies are not entirely with the national government.

CAMP NEAR JACINTO MISS., }
 Sept. 11, '62. }

We are one and one-half miles from Jacinto, a little town pretty much deserted by its inhabitants. We expect every day to go to Corinth. The rebel Gen. Price is said to be within twenty-five miles of us with 30,000 or 40,000 men.

Our lines are so extended that we could not get more than three or four regiments together at one point if we were attacked. We have three and four companies on guard all the time to provide against surprise. Our brigade is in front, and our place is to act as rear guard. Corinth is our concentrating point, there we can stand the rebels a pretty good fight. Beauregard's fortifications may be of some use to us yet.

I am sorry that Merrick fell into the hands of the rebels. I am of the opinion that if they take me they will have to board me awhile before they get me to take an oath not to fight them any more.

VICKSBURG, MISS., Sept. 2, 1863.

Our regiment reports but 100 men for duty. You wished to know how Vicksburg looks. I know of but one way for you to find out—come and see—as it is not an easy place to describe. It is situated on very rough ground. The town is laid out as regularly as the ground will permit, and is large enough to hold 4,000 or 5,000 people.

The inhabitants are mostly Irish, with a sprinkling of Dutch and Jews. They are secessionists to the backbone. There are a few of the old native slaveholders here. They are generally very tall men, each with a nose long enough for a plow beam (more or less). All come to Uncle Sam's commissary department to get something to eat. Some of them express their doubts of the confederacy's ability to sustain itself much longer. There is a rumor going the rounds of the papers that the rebel Gen. John C. Pemberton was shot and killed by one of his own men. I am rather inclined to believe the report, for I heard more than one of them say they would shoot him if they ever got a chance. They said he would never have the privilege of surrendering another city.

J. A. ANNESS.

Co. K. 18TH IND. V. I.

TO HIS MOTHER.

“BREVITIES.”

CAMP JESSIE, NEAR ST. LOUIS, Mo., }
 Aug. 19, 1861. }

I am to-day in camp near a large peach orchard, and in a few hours we will go over and take a few of the peaches in. Our camp is named after the wife of Gen. J. C. Fremont, whose given name is Jessie. We go farther west to Jefferson City, Mo., and there we may have a fight with Jackson, the rebel governor of this state.

My love to brother, sister, and mother, also.

St. Louis is quite a city.

CAMP NEAR GEORGETOWN, Mo., }
 Sept. 30, 1861. }

I was 18 years old on the 28th of this month, and marched all day from Boonville, Mo. I am off in a few hours for a scout.

IN HOSPITAL AT ORTERVILLE, Mo., }
 Oct. 10, 1861. }

I am sick with measles. We are to be moved to St. Louis in a day or two. Can't write much now, will write when we get to the city.

FOURTH ST. HOSPITAL, ST. LOUIS, }
 Oct. 17, '61. }

I am now feeling better. I received a letter from you a few days ago; was glad to hear from home. I will take your advice and be a good soldier and shun all bad habits.

NEAR ORTERVILLE, MO., }
 IN CAMP, Nov. 30, '61. }

I am back from the hospital but am getting sick again; my head aches and I can't write now.

Dec. 8, '61.

I am out on the prairie in a tent all alone. Have got the small-pox. Dr. Bigney came out to see me to-day and told me not to write home, but I thought I might go to the happy hunting grounds, so concluded to disobey orders. An old nigger who passed by told me to tie the letter to a piece of wood and throw it over the fence and he would take it to the post-office.

Dec. 20.

Came to camp this morning and found my favorite comrade, Albert Luther, gone to the woods in a tent with small-pox. I shall go and take care of him.

SMALL-POX HOSPITAL, TWO MILES SOUTH }
 OF ORTERVILLE, Dec. 22, '61. }

I came here last night with Albert Luther. He is now past seeing, and looks fearful bad; says he knows he will

die. I tell him he will live to be old if he does not die sometime. I will send this when I get a chance.

GRAND GULF, MISS., May 13, 1863.

I was wounded on the 1st day of this month, at Port Gibson, Miss., in my right leg, with minie ball, which broke the long bone below the knee. I am mad to think I must lie on my back when there is so much to do. An old negro is waiting on me and I pay him one dollar a day out of my own pocket.

MARINE HOSPITAL, EVANSVILLE, IND., }
 June 11, 1863. }

I got here to-day. Will get home as soon as I can stand it to travel on the cars with my leg. We came by water from Grand Gulf all but crossing from below Vicksburg up to Young's Point.

IN TEXAS, Feb. 2, 1864.

Got here 30th Jan., and re-enlisted for three years more. Will be home on veteran furlough sometime this spring.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20, '64.

We go to Bermuda Hundred or Deep Bottom, Va. Start to-night.

BERMUDA HUNDRED, VA., Aug. 2, '64.

We are now fighting day and night. No time to write.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 13, '64.

We returned from Va. by the way of James river and Chesapeake Bay. We start to-morrow for the Shenandoah Valley.

CEDAR CREEK, VA., Oct. 21, '64.

We have had some hard fought battles since we came to this valley, over two months ago. Fought at Winchester, Sept. 19; at Fisher's Hill the 20th and 21st of Sept., and have been up the valley as far as Mount Crawford, and it is fight, fight. We had a fearful battle at Cedar Creek two days ago.

FUGITIVE LETTERS TO COMRADES, HOME,
AND FRIENDS.

FRED NEHRING,

2D LIEUT. CO. A, 3D MO.

ST. LOUIS ARSENAL, April 25, 1861.

Louis Wollschlager :

MY DEAR FRIEND—Here I am under arms; times are dreadful. The city is divided between Union men and rebels; both flags—the stars and stripes and the stars and bars—are waving over St. Louis. I am certain we will have to fight here, for the rebels are trying their very best to push Missouri out of the Union into the Southern Confederacy; however, we are up to their tricks. Capt. Lyons (afterwards general) has kept this place with four companies of regulars, until these newly organized regiments joined him.

The minute men, a secret rebel organization, cannot take this place again. It was said they were going to attack us last night, 1,500 strong, thus we were kept under arms all night; no one troubled us. Having now 2,300 fighting men in here, we are competent to repulse any rebel force that might approach the walls from any direction, either east, west, south, or north. The ground of the arsenal covers about three acres, being walled in by sandstone

walls eight feet high and three feet thick, only two gates leading into it, one being north, on 4th street, the other south, near the river. There are nearly 20,000 rifles and rifled muskets stacked away in these government buildings (these arms are of the latest pattern), about 30 cannon, 12 of which are field pieces, and a few howitzers, the balance being Mexican guns of small caliber, trophies of the last war, fit only to defend fortifications with.

I belong to Rifle Co. A, 3d Regt. Mo. V. I.; you had better come and join us, being just the kind of weapons you like, and as a good shot and passionate hunter, you may have a chance to do good service for the Union.

The question nowadays is either pro or con—no one can be neutral. I hope to God this war may not last so long; notwithstanding the government is calling for three years volunteers; this looks mighty blue. Think I will serve my term of three months first, and re-enlist afterwards. If you want to enlist go to head-quarters in Ruedis Garden; the recruiting officer will give you a pass, which you will have to show at the gate to get in. Don't forget to buckle your revolver around your waist, for it is not safe to walk the streets. These scoundrels of policemen are arresting any one who carries concealed weapons. However, as long as you "show up," they will let you alone, and the roughs won't tackle you. Did you hear of the trick that Lyons played on the rebs? Every night he marched out his handful of regulars secretly to Jefferson

Barracks, and in the morning he marched them back again to the arsenal to the music of fife and drums. The rebels thought he was receiving re-inforcements every day. I wish with all my heart the Union had more officers like him. We would soon bring these proud Southerners to terms.

Your Friend.

CAMP PROCLAMATION, NEAR WOODVILLE, ALA., }
 January 24, 1864. }

MY DEAR LOUIS—In order that you may not forget me, I am sending you these few lines concerning our experiences and hardships. We left Iuka, Tenn., Oct. 18, 1863, to catch some rebels, about 3,000 or 4,000 strong; their intention was to fortify themselves in Tusculumbia. We had good success, although we could not annihilate them entirely. We gave them a lively battle and scattered them in every direction. Another lot tried to flank us four miles distant, but was discovered in time, and we gave them such a hot reception they ran off. From there we went to Chattanooga; arrived the day before the battle. I was promoted to 2d Lieut. at Chickasaw, Ala. I had a chance to see the storming of Lookout Mountain. I never shall forget these scenes, and will tell you all the particulars as soon as we meet again; a lively conversation is better than the scratching of a pen. The re-enlistment of our regiment went off quietly, so it did with the 12th and 17th Mo. I heard that all the men of the 76th Ill. re-enlisted.

Several of our officers are going to St. Louis to bring conscripts to fill the ranks of the veterans, but I believe these are only rumors. I think the war will come to an end this fall, for the rebel troops are completely demoralized. However, night before last they captured the pickets of our 2d brigade, and last night they ran off the mules of our division that were in a pasture four miles from here.

Many greetings are sent you from the whole company.

LEVI E. POND,
CAPT. Co. E, 7TH WIS. V. I.

CAMP RANDALL,
MADISON, WIS., Aug 18, 1861. }

DEAR PARENTS AND SISTER MARIA—To-day we have renewed the pledge of our services, our honor, and our lives, to our country, by swearing into the U. S. service for three years. Some of my home friends thought it was not my duty, under the circumstances, to enlist, as my presence and aid were so necessary to you. You may be sure it was as hard for me to leave you to go into an enemy's land, not knowing if I ever should see you again, as it was for you to make up your minds to give me up. I am now bound by the laws of our country, and my conscience tells me I have done right to fight her would-be destroyers. I am not—*we are not*—fighting for ourselves alone, nor for the present generation, but for the future generations in all coming time; not for the North or the union of states alone, but for the whole world, as the world will be affected by the result of this struggle for national existence. I think the end will justify the sacrifice of bloodshed and treasure, and meet the expectations of the most ardent lovers of free government. I am satisfied that should I not lend a helping hand in this cause, I should ever after feel wrong, and you, dear kindred, ought to be willing to

make some sacrifice. Death is not such a terrible monster when looked upon rightly, for if we determine to do all we can to ameliorate the condition of man, to do our whole duty as it is made known to us, and go, regardless of consequences, wherever it may lead us, I believe we can approach the so-called "king of terrors" without a shudder. The present state of our country demands that all personal and selfish considerations should be laid aside, and that we look to the interests of the many. Should it be my fate to fall upon the battle field, you should feel that you had done something towards sustaining the right, and be consoled by the thought that death is only a temporary separation, and that finally we shall meet where cruel war has no power to divide families and friends. Remember we shall, sooner or later, according to the natural course of events, be separated and if by doing what we regard to be our duty the parting comes sooner, we should say, Amen. But it is not certain that I shall be killed, nor is it certain that I should live had I stayed at home. I shall be very careful not to throw away my life, taking the chances of war as duty dictates, and as good care of my health as circumstances will permit. Be of good cheer.

Affectionately yours.

JOSHUA PECKHAM.

Co. F, 3D Wis. V. I.

TO HIS WIFE.

CLAYTON, Oct. 28, 1864.

Perry and I have had a long talk on everything, including politics, the state of the country, Abe, Mc., and the copperheads. He says the army he is with will vote eight out of ten for Abe. To my great surprise I found him stout for Lincoln and down on copperheads. I am writing to you on my knapsack by the light of a camp fire. The soldiers are singing "Just Before the Battle, Mother." The tune is a mournful one, and just suits our feelings. It is splendid!

DALTON, GA., Nov. 23, 1864.

The soldiers have this town nearly torn down, and the work goes bravely on. We want boards to fix up our tents, so we go to any house that has no family in it, pry the boards off, the floor up, cut the joists and studdings out, the posts off and down it comes, pull it to pieces, and carry it off like so many ants. Don't understand me that we tear a house down and all to pieces first, then carry it off, that is not the way. One gets a board and starts, another gets a piece and starts. If the rebels ever get back here they will think the Yankees are akin to his satanic majesty, the devil.

IN CAMP NEAR THE RAILROAD }
NORTH OF DECATUR, Jan. 10, 1865. }

I will give you one day's experience. Night before last we got into camp just after dark, got our supper, put up tents, had fires going. Soon came the order to put the fires out, pack tents, and fall in (to "fall in" is to get on our traps and guns and get up in line ready to go), but were not ordered off. Then one at a time we crept off in squads and laid down. Soon we were ordered up again, and soon laid down again, six or eight times before three o'clock, then we got started. Being very dark and muddy, made it hard walking. We kept on until daylight, then stopped and got our "eat," then started, went two or three miles, stopped, then it began to rain, and kept on raining till dark. We went, stopped, started, sat down, went, stopped, and started, etc., but still it rained. We got into camp, drew rations, ate our "eat," stood by the fire, finally laid down—in the mud. How would you like to be a soldier?

NASHVILLE, Dec. 9, 1864.

I am cold, sick, and hungry. I don't know but what I am homesick. One thing sure, I am sick of this kind of a home. When you are in the house by the stove, warm and comfortable, and the north wind blows cold, think of us camped outdoors on the ground between two sheets, shivering before a bit of fire in front of our tents, that warms us a little and smokes us a good deal more.

You can't know what a poor, miserable, hard time soldiers have in cold weather. Just fancy that you see six or eight men there in our door yard all day long, humping up, shivering, crowding around a fire made with a few sticks of wood on the ground, then sleeping in a tent made of cotton sheets, with hard-tack, meat, and coffee to live on. In fact, I never thought of any hardships of soldier life but the fighting.

NEAR WASHINGTON, May 30, 1865.

This is a fine morning. I cannot tell when we shall start for home. The time will come, if not before the first of October. I will tell you something now that I have always kept from you, knowing that it would make you feel bad, and if I had told you at the time you would have despaired. It is this: When I sat down to the table the last morning something said to me: "This is the last time you will eat at home." It started the tears, it made such an impression on me, but I feel confident now that I will be at home once more.

JOHN A. HALLETT,

79TH IND. V. I.

IN CAMP, GA., April 12, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER—They wrote me from home that you had enlisted. I am very sorry that you did not take my advice and stay at home with mother, for, as I have often told you, they want men in the army, not boys. But as you are already in 'tis too late to take my advice. Let me give you a little warning now in time. You will see in the army things and actions that you never knew of before—all kinds of vices that you never heard of—for the army is made up of all kinds of people, and I am sorry to say that some of the good forget who they are when they get among the bad. But though you see vices going on all around you you need not indulge in them. I have now been in the army eighteen months, and I have never once used profane language, played a game of cards, or tasted any kind of intoxicating liquors, yet all these have been in daily use among my associates.

H C. STIEGELMAN,

BIDDEL'S RIFLE REGT.

CAMP MASON AND DIXON'S LINE, }
July 1, 1861. }

DEAR BROTHER—We have hard fare at present. Yesterday several accompanied marches, not “right, left,” but “no bread, no bread.” We have to live on rice, beans, and some few bad potatoes. This country is a poor one. Baker walked six miles yesterday to buy bread of farmers but did not get any. Col. Wallace, of the Indiana zouaves, was in camp yesterday with twenty of his men; they had a skirmish last week; thirteen of them drove back fifty-five of the enemy, killed eighteen, and got a lot of horses, etc. One zouave was killed and one wounded.

CAMP CAYAGUA, NEAR HYATTSTOWN, MD., }
Aug. 25, 1861. }

Our column is moving towards the capital. Last Thursday the 19th N. Y. Rgt. stacked their arms and refused to do any more duty. They say their time is out (three months), but their Col., Clark, says they must serve two years. They raised a row. Our regiment was ordered to load and disperse them. When we got there they took their arms again, excepting 200, which we arrested and brought into our camp where they are at present with a strong guard around them. They will soon be taken to Washington, and our company is, I believe, to go with them, as we were the first on the ground to arrest them.

As we came along the last day's march, three of our men got poisoned by going into houses for something to eat. They all got well, but some of the 5th Conn. troops died; they came in our rear the same day. There are plenty of secesh in this country. On Friday four very well dressed ladies came from the village to see us on dress parade; one of them asked one of our sergeants if we were practicing the Bull's Run retreat. He did not have the chance to give her the answer she deserved as the column was moving away.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION, VA., Aug. 13, '63.

If I were in your place I would stay out of the army. If you had a few such trips as we had to Gettysburg and to this place, you would be glad to stay out of it. I thought I saw hard trips before, but they were nothing to the last one; thirty-six days without stopping more than a half day in one place except at battle, and made from 10 to 25 miles a day.

This morning we had a heavy gust of wind at daylight. We put up a shade and bower the whole length of the company. The rain made the ground soft, and down come the whole business, mashing all our tents. Besides getting hit and scratched by rails and cedar limbs, we got wet clear through, as did all of our belongings. Such is the luck and life of a soldier.

SAME CAMP, Aug. 16, 1863.

The *New York Herald* correspondents write how we are treated, etc. That the drafted men are made to strip and

drill for hours in the sun, naked, and drill in the rain. Now this is all a d—n lie, and just got up to poison the minds of the ignorant at home and in New York where the draft is not all over yet. I think Seymour and a lot of them ought to be hung or done something with. The time has come when tampering with the government should be dispensed with; we have too much of it in the North. Southern soldiers, our prisoners, make fun of us for allowing such conduct, and say that they would not let men live in the South that opposed them as our men do our cause. All this is true, and we feel ashamed of the way things are let run in the North. If the people there felt as the soldiers do there would be short work made.

BRISTOE STATION, VA., Mar. 7, 1864.

The great raid last week by Gens. Custer and Kilpatrick did not meet our anticipations. We have orders to be ready to move again, but this is customary on such occasions.

The veteran fever has subsided and all have gone on furlough; the last left Sunday. I am afraid that the grade of lieutenant general will fix matters so that Meade will be superseded by Halleck. Gen. Meade is the only man for the army, though Gen. Grant may make great changes in the whole army. I think congress had better attend to more important business than conferring grade on officers. As Grant is not yet through with the job, he might turn out like the great soap bubble, McClellan, did. .

J. H. DAWSON,

Co. H, 40TH IND. V. I.

CAMP MATTISON, PADUCAH, KY., }
May 2, 1863. }

DEAR BROTHER, AND ALL THE REST—I have had command of the company for the last six weeks and it keeps me me dodging all the while. Times about camp have been rather exciting for a day or two; there has been some talk of the butternuts attacking us. If they do, “woe be unto them.”

The 30th of April was fast day, and the provost marshal closed all the stores, shops, and groceries on that day. It made the secesh awful mad. That evening about dark, the rebs commenced sending up rockets and blue lights, a signal for something. We doubled the guard and put out a heavy scout, but it is all quiet now. The double guard and patrol are still out.

Yesterday two gunboats came down from the Tennessee. One was loaded with Union families running away from the rebels, and the other was loaded with genuine butternuts, right out of old Bragg’s army. They will do to worship, for I do not believe there is anything in heaven, on earth, or in the “sulphur regions” that is like them, great long-legged, slab-sided, long-haired, long-nosed, white-eyed, lantern-jawed devils, with their butternut clothes on, they look as though clean clothing and a good washing would kill them.

LOWRY O. WESTCOTT.

Co. H. 22D WIS. V. I.

TO HIS PARENTS.

LEXINGTON, KY., Oct. 30, 1862.

There is no rebel army in this part of the state. The rebel General Morgan was here a few weeks ago, but he left with all his men; took a good supply of provisions and got out of the state with but little trouble, Buell being somewhat a rebel and in command; he has since been superseded by Rosecrans.

Some negroes came to our ranks and Col. Utley would not give them up to their masters, although he was ordered by General Gilmore to do so. Our Colonel's refusal made the General mad, and he said he had as soon have the devil in his brigade as the 22d Wis., so we have been transported to another brigade and are not sorry.

CAMP, NEAR FRANKLIN, }
March 8, 1863. }

Franklin is seventeen miles from Nashville; we arrived here the 2d of this month, and early the morning of the 4th we crossed Stone river, which runs through this place, and marched out on the Lebanon pike, when we came in contact with a small rebel force. Our men were immediately drawn up in line of battle, our battery put in play. The rebels fired two or three shells pretty close to our battery,

but did no harm. One of our guns disabled one of theirs; another ball killed one of their horses. The rebels were soon under full retreat. We advanced, and found we had killed fourteen of their men, while they had killed none for us. We camped near where they had their battery. Our forces were composed of the 33d and 85th Ind., 19th Mich., and 22d Wis., our battery of six guns, 500 cavalry. On the morning of the 5th we were re-inforced by one regiment of infantry, and forward marched, our regiment in advance. We had not gone more than four miles when our skirmishers began to fire. We kept on until the rebels threw a large shell into our cavalry, which made them retreat in confusion until they reached our regiment. Soon there came a ball over our heads, hitting the fence and throwing the rails in every direction. We formed a line of battle across the field, and advanced on the enemy; our battery was placed on a high hill, and did good execution, but the rebels placed a battery so they could rake the whole of our lines, and in a short time they had guns pointing on us from four different directions. The ammunition for our battery now gave out, then musketry commenced. The rebels came in by hundreds. We stood our grounds for awhile, but they outflanked us, and our retreat was almost cut off. Our regiment was ordered to retreat, to give the battery chance to fall back to town. Our Lieut. Col. took one hundred and three men and came back to town with the battery, while the rest of us stayed and held our

ground until the enemy was so thick that we saw fighting any longer was of no use. The rebs had outflanked us, had their lines clear around us, excepting about forty rods between two hills. The Col. told us we had fought well, and he thought we would be taken prisoners, but those who wished to make a trial to escape could do so. Fifty of us started, leaving our colonel and comrades on the field. We traveled some fifteen miles over rough roads, and at eight o'clock at night we reached Franklin, sound and well. Two of our little party gave out, and we left them a couple of miles from town. I saw some of our boys fall on the field, but do not know how many were killed. Two companies of our regiment were left to guard a bridge between here and Nashville, and were not in the fight. Our regiment lost, killed, wounded, and prisoners, two hundred. Joseph Wright, my messmate, was taken prisoner.

STONE RIVER BRIDGE, TENN., Dec. 27, '63.

Deserters are coming in from Bragg's army every day. They say the rebs are about played out; one of them, a rebel deserter, was looking at one of our guns a short time since, and said to the gunner, "You will not need that gun." The gunner asked, "Why not?" "Why," said he, "you Yanks are getting the rebs in so small a spot, that if you shoot that gun at them the ball will go across their narrow tract of land and kill your own men on the

other side." This is pretty near the truth. We have a large army in every state; the rebels are hemmed in on every side, and I think they will be glad to say *enough*, before long. Still, the guerillas are doing some very cruel work yet. Two boys of our regiment were detailed to go in the 9th Ohio Battery; they were thirty miles from here, at Tullahoma. One day last week they were out on a forage expedition with a lieutenant and two other privates. All five were taken by a band of guerillas and marched some thirty miles to a large river; then their hands were tied behind them and they were thrown from a high bridge into the water. The two from our regiment and the lieutenant were drowned, the other two swam ashore and went back to Tullahoma. One of the men was from our company, and had a wife and family in Wisconsin. His name was Drout.

NASHVILLE, TENN., HOSPITAL No. 1, }
June 22, 1864. }

The boys of our regiment were in the best of spirits when I last saw them, although they had just buried some of their best comrades. I think we have a noble army in front, one that can be depended on, that will shrink from nothing. I believe the men are more determined on success than they ever were before. While our army is in the highest of glee, the rebel army seems to be very desponding. I have talked with a great many rebs. that were prisoners,

and I have asked them if they expected to whip us. Every one would say, "No, we don't expect to whip you." When I would ask, "What induces you to fight, then?" some would reply, "We are obliged to fight." Others would say, "We are in hopes we can hold out until you are tired of war, and let us have our southern territory to ourselves." I talked with a rebel sergeant, who said the Union officers showed no generalship when we drove them out of Buzzard's Roost, Dalton, and Resaca. I asked why they did not; I thought they showed enough to drive you. "Well," he replied, "they did not drive us by coming up in our front; but they outflanked us and came in our rear, they came in on all sides, and we were obliged to retreat." I said, "I think our officers showed good generalship in driving you out of your stronghold by flanking, and not by losing lives," but the reb. couldn't see it that way.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 25, 1864.

Since I wrote to you last there has been a great change in the army of Tennessee. Then the rebel army was within two miles of this city, on the south side, strongly entrenched. Where is it now? In the southern part of the state, going south as fast as possible. On the 17th and 18th of this month a hard battle was fought in sight of the hospital, and our boys drove the rebs. at every point. That large army commanded by Hood has lost 20,000 men and 75 canuon within the last three weeks, and now what is

left of them are leaving the state as fast as possible, perfectly satisfied that the Yanks. have given them a sound whipping, and they have found by experience that they cannot take Nashville. Now I have no doubt that Hood "has got Thomas just where he wants him." This is what the Southern papers will say, at least.

I am at work in the low diet kitchen, but am feeding rebs. instead of Union soldiers. All of our boys that were in this building have been moved into another hospital, and wounded rebels have taken their place. I am going to try and feed them as well as they fed me when I was in their hands a prisoner. Think I can do it right up to the scratch. We have two generals, five colonels, and quite a number of subordinate officers in this building.

IN CAMP NEAR SEDALIA, MO., }
 Sept. 11, 1862. }

FATHER PEARSON—Our regiment, or what is left of it, with the exception of one company stationed at Leavenworth, has been here since Aug. 24. This is the starting point for all the troops destined for the south-west. We are here partly to recruit and to obtain a fresh supply of horses, our regiment having been badly cut up. When we left Boonville in the spring it was the largest in the state, numbering 1,200, but from the hard service we have seen we have become sadly reduced, both in men and horses. Two companies were lost entirely at the surrender of Independence,

and some companies have been reduced to less than 40 men. From all indications I think we are to join the main army of Missouri that is concentrating at Springfield.

Quantrill is reported in the vicinity of Warrensburg, 40 miles distant, with a force of 1,000 men. A detachment from this post was sent out yesterday, all the men and serviceable horses that could be spared from our regiment going.

If all the accounts we receive of the battles fought during this war is as incorrect as those given of Lone Jack, there is no more faith to be placed in newspaper reports. It seems to be an easy matter for some officers to make an exaggerated report of how they or some particular friend distinguished themselves in battle, when, if the facts were known, they were safely out of harm's way, perhaps not seen by their men during the whole fight. I could mention instances of this kind that occurred at Lone Jack. This much I will say, there has been no harder fighting in this state, and none that has resulted in so great a loss in killed and wounded in comparison to the number engaged. There was very bad generalship displayed from the first. Our men were led into a pen like so many sheep to the slaughter, a hedge on one side and cornfield on the other, and being attacked on three sides at the same time and by such a superior force, it is a wonder that any escaped. During half the engagement there was not an officer to be seen except one or two lieutenants. The men were mostly led on

by non-commissioned officers, and many squads were seen fighting without any commander whatever. Getting out of ammunition, we were obliged to retreat leaving our dead and wounded on the field, but the fire of the enemy had been silenced for half an hour.

Affairs are looking rather gloomy at present, and judging from the past we may hope for no success until there shall be less jealousy and strife among our commanding officers. I sometimes think we have not yet found the man for the times to take command of our army, and I am anxiously looking forward when there shall arise from obscurity a Bonaparte or a Cromwell that will command our forces and lead them on to victory.

Yours truly,

GEORGE P. BROWN,

1st Sergt. Co. F, 7th Mo. Cav.

VICKSBURG, MISS., July 31, 1863.

MY DEAR MADAM—My friend Arba, your dearly loved husband, has fought his last fight, and sleeps his last sleep. I came up from Natchez yesterday to look to the comfort of our sick men at this place, and inform some of them that I had at last got furloughs for them; but Arba had just received from higher authority a more perpetual furlough than man can give, and has, I trust, gone where trouble never enters. He died about four o'clock on the morning of July 28th. His remains were carefully in-

tered by his brother soldiers, under the kind supervision of Sergt. Dwight Gookins, of Co. G, who was with him much during his illness. He was one of our very best soldiers, ever cheerfully and promptly performing his duties. No complaints ever came from Arba Lankton. We all loved him, and it is a great satisfaction to us, as it will be to you, that his soul was supported by strong Christian faith and fortitude. During his illness he often spoke in endearing terms of his wife and children. All things pass away, and in a few days you and I will follow. So cheer up, my dear woman, remembering that your husband is in heayen, that there is a God there who cares for the widow and fatherless. Let Him ever find us in a spirit of submission, that His will, not ours, be done; that when He calls we may be ready to enter the Kingdom.

T. W. HUMPHREY,
Col. 95th Ill. V. I.

SAVANNAH, GA., Dec. 25, 1864.

I wish you a "Merry Christmas" this morning, and hope you will enjoy yourself better than I am likely to do. I have just come in off the picket line, and am not in the best humor, and thought I would sit down and write myself good natured. You will see by my heading that the great city of Savannah is ours. Yes, on the 21st we marched in, the rebels having got across the river in the night and left, leaving in our hands everything they had

here. We have made the biggest capture of the war; got 227 pieces of heavy and light artillery, most of it very heavy; one million bales of cotton, worth at least five million dollars; a large amount of military stores, forty locomotives, and more than 100 cars, all in good running order; and the prettiest city I most ever saw, beautifully laid out, with fine residences, public squares, monuments, and fountains, and we also got five steamboats. The rebels blew up their "Sam Savannah;" all they got away with was their hides, and they had to hustle them or they would have been full of holes.

I have been all over the city, and its defenses are the most formidable, all around the place. I also went to Fort Jackson, four miles below. There was a strong work defending the river; they are all ours now, and we are encamped near the city, enjoying ourselves and speculating on the next campaign. We were reviewed by Gen. Sherman yesterday, and the citizens were astonished to see so many Yankees marching through the streets of Savannah. The boys are all well and as happy as clams. This is a fine climate; everything is green yet; all kinds of garden stuff, fish, and oysters plenty at ten cents per quart. I would like to drop in and see you to-day, and help eat a good Christmas dinner instead of the poor one we will have. I don't think our mess has been as hard up for grub any time on this campaign as it is to-day. John, our cook, says dinner is ready, so good-bye. Write oftener, as

you are my one thought, the only person I care to hear from.

To his wife.

A. N. WATSON,
52d Ill. Vol.

AN EXTRACT FROM "LETTERS FROM THE
ARMY."

(By permission of the author, B. F. Stevenson, M.D., Surgeon to the
22d Ky. Inft.)

STEAMBOAT PIKETON, }
BIG SANDY RIVER, Feb. 3, '62. }

Cols. Garfield and Lindsey are on board. The former is the ranking officer and commander of all the forces in this region. He is a plain, unpretending looking man, but, I take it, a very determined one. He is young for his responsible position, being only thirty-two years old. I received to-day the *Cincinnati Gazette* of the 30th inst., containing a silly article on Garfield. I read it to those around me, and one of them, a member of his regiment, told him of it, when he called on me and asked to see the paper. He took it quietly, but I thought him some annoyed. I was glad of the opportunity to make his acquaintance. A little incident that occurred at Cattlesburg during the recent rise of the Ohio river is characteristic of the man. He reached the town just as the wharf was being submerged, and was met by the clerk of the brigade commissary with the information that a large amount of govern-

ment stores was in danger of being swept off by the flood. Without sending others, he led the way, and toiled till midnight, knee-deep in mud and water, to save them, and he did save them. The clerk, a nice, dapper young man, son of the commissary who was responsible for the stores, stepped around in embroidered slippers in his father's office, and neglected everything. * * * I must not close without saying a word of Col. Lindsey. He is quite young; I think not over twenty-five years old. He is a graduate of the Kentucky Military School, a good tactician, and certainly the most modest and unassuming man of his age that I have known.

CAMP JERSEY BOYS, Nov. 21, 1861.

Being old friends I imagine you would like to hear from one Snover, and at the same time I assure you that I would like to hear from the old home place. Give my love to Doyle; ask him if he remembers the time we went fishing and our sleigh ride with oxen. How often our thoughts wander back to the scenes of our childhood and its many happy transactions.

How is election going this season? John, try to do the big thing for the Union. What a change from last year at this time! All was peace and quiet then, now all is war and fright. Many a brave soldier was a happy man then, and many a one is now mouldering in the dust.

Many families have been widowed and orphaned. When will this war end and peace be proclaimed?

I am a soldier in old Virginia, working for Uncle Sam. He is a pretty good man to work for; he gives us pretty good grub and clothes, and comes down with the ready cash every two months. I put my name on his books the 25th of last May to fight for my country and the flag I love—how much I can't say. We must uphold that flag, you know, John.

We had a grand review yesterday by President Lincoln and General McClellan and staff at Bailey's cross-roads. There were over 10,000 troops on the ground—said to be one of the biggest reviews on record. We are camped at the present on what is called Shooter's Hill. Have a nice encampment, and a splendid view of the Potomac river and the beautiful village, Alexandria, where the first officer was killed—Ellsworth. He was a bold man, and his name will long be remembered. Alexandria is full of secessionists yet. It was one of the most flourishing towns on the Potomac till this war broke out.

Your friend,

EDWIN H. SNOVER,
Co. B, 2d Regt. N. J. Vols.

TO WEALTHY LIBBY, FROM HER SONS GEO.
AND WILLIAM.

ROLLA, MO., Oct. 29, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER—I was taken by the bushwhackers on the 8th of Oct. They robbed me of everything I had. I got away from them into the woods and made my way back to Rolla, where I am at present. I had to walk 60 miles through the timber. The rebels said they would kill me, so I thought it would be the best for me to get away if I could.

We have seen a rough time here in Missouri, for our men have taken Little Rock and driven all the rebels into this state.

GEORGE.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 7, 1864.

There is some hard fighting going on down here now. Our army is in Nashville and old Hood is trying to take the place; he has been shelling us for two days but can't do any damage. Hard fighting to-day on the south side of the city. I can hear the roar of artillery and see the smoke. After this fight is over I will write again.

WILLIAM.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 25, '64.

Well, mother, I suspect you feel pretty uneasy about me since our big fight. As good luck happened, I did not have to go into the battle but was where I could see it. I tell you what, the earth quaked around here. Hood thought he was going to take Nashville very easily; he soon got his fill, for he was whipped worse than he ever was before. He is in full retreat back South and our army is following him closely. He will have to "hustle his boots" to get across the Tennessee river or he will lose more of his men.

I would like to be at home to spend Christmas with you; think I could eat some good things very well, but will have to stay one more Christmas in Dixie and the next will be at home.

WILLIAM LIBBY.

CAMP HOUSTON, Jan. 8, 1864.

I went to Rolla on Christmas, got half way back on New Year's day. It commenced snowing the day before New Year, and I never came so near freezing to death in my life. Twenty-five of us were guarding the train and only five of us got back without having our fingers or feet frozen. About half of the teamsters were frozen; some of them had to have their feet amputated. If it keeps as cold long it will freeze the bushwhackers all to death, which will be a good thing for us, as it will save powder, horse-flesh, human flesh, etc.

GEORGE.

CAMP HOUSTON, MO., Feb. 1, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER—You said that Nels wanted to go to the army. He had better be what he is, a brakeman on the train, than a soldier in the army. If I were out of it I know what kind of “breaking” I would do—I would break towards home on double-quick time. I could cry many a time if it would do me any good. I know it won’t, so I try always to keep the best side up if I can.

GEORGE.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., Nov. 1, 1864.

It is just one month to-day since we started for the battlefield. We have had seven battles, and have won a glorious victory. Have captured all of Price’s army; took 13 cannon, 7 generals, and more prisoners than we know what to do with. We heard cannonading all last night, and Price is reported captured. We have orders to go to Arkansas. We are camped in the woods; raining very hard, and I am as wet as a drowned rat.

GEORGE LIBBY.

Of the Mo. State Militia.

A. E. GOLDSBURG,
Co. E., 127TH ILL. V. I.

IN CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, TENN., Dec. 15, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND LOUISA—We arrived here the 13th, after a long march of 175 miles, and I, for one, was glad to get to a resting place. Part of the time we had to live on one hard cracker a day—five of them weigh a pound. I enjoyed the trip though, and would rather march all the time than stay in camp; that is, if Uncle Sam would find plenty of grub for us. We were once within six miles of Gen. Price's army and the 5th Ill. Light Artillery attacked them. There would, most likely, have been a hard fight if Grant had not moved towards them from the rear. We laid on our arms all one night and day; could hear the booming of cannon, but Price was most too sharp to be surrounded, so ran, thanks to our lucky stars. That is his best way of fighting. The next day we came up where they had been intrenched two miles south of the Tallahatchie, opposite the town of Wyatt. When they retreated, they burned the bridges—we had to build one. Our division marched to this place to take the river for Vicksburg.

CHICKASAW LANDING, May 25, 1863.

Vicksburg is not taken yet, though it has been so reported. Our regiment had been doing pioneer work for some time, and we thought we should get rid of the fight

that was coming off, but were doomed to disappointment. The brigade came along, and we were ordered to fall in on a two hours' notice. We saw no enemy until within three miles of Vicksburg; found them well entrenched. Gen. Grant ordered us to march into the city without firing a gun.

At 2 P.M. our division was ordered to make a charge, and precisely at the time we moved up in solid column. Their fortifications are built on a chain or range of the highest hills, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in the rear of Vicksburg. One-half mile apart are the forts with breastworks between. In front are logs and brush almost impassable. When we came over the rise of ground in front, they poured an awful fire of grape, canister, and musketry into us that nothing could stand. Not a man reached the works.

The battle raged till night, when we fell back with a heavy loss, our regiment losing 47. This was on the 19th. On the 21st there was a call for 1,500 volunteers from our division to storm the works, and to be supported by Gen. Tuttle's division. Our camp had to give one man for the charge; no one would offer to go, so they proposed to draw lots. I thought I would have to go in an after charge so I offered my service. 1,500 of us started right in the face of death. There was a cleared spot where there had once been a road, we took that. They poured grape and canister right into us. When we reached the fort only 40 of our men were left. It was impossible to take the fort;

they stood six men deep behind it with fixed bayonets ready for us; we had to fall back and lay in the ditch and behind logs until dark. Gen. Blair said every man that did not fall should have a furlough of 60 days after Vicksburg is taken, so you may look for me home the 4th of July.

SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 25, 1865.

We came in on the 19th, and expected to cross the Savannah river, but owing to bad weather and some levees that were cut by the rebels so the country was overflowed, we were obliged to camp till some other road was opened. We are just outside the city. I think it is the prettiest place we have been in; business is quite brisk among the citizens; many of the merchants are filling up their stores with goods from the North, and all are glad the Yankees have come.

I am getting like the rest of the boys, would rather be on the move. Major Gillette is chief of Gen. Logan's staff, and is the biggest man in the business at present. From here we shall push north, the way many a soldier's heart is turning.

CYRUS L. BUFFINGTON.

LITTLE PINEY RIVER BRIDGE, }
April 20, 1865. }

BELOVED BROTHER—After a long, long time I have found out your address, and I embrace the first opportunity of writing to you.

Had you asked me if I should have liked to have been with you on your march through that darkest of all secession states—South Carolina—I could very soon have answered you with an emphatic yes, for I have a deep grudge against that particular state, more than any other. My sufferings in the prison pens there, being chased by bloodhounds like a runaway negro, and seeing my comrades shot down in cold blood for no offence whatever, are things not calculated to soften my feelings towards it. I have trod the streets of Columbia when it was in its pride, and when the Johnnies were plenty there. I would rejoice to see it now as it is—a *heap of ashes*.

I was captured, as you have heard, no doubt, at the battle of Chicamauga, and was taken by way of Atlanta and Augusta, Ga., Columbia, S. C., Raleigh, N. C., “on to Richmond,” Va. We were kept here on very slim rations of the very poorest kind for more than two months, during which time we were never allowed outside of the tobacco house where we were confined—not even permitted to put our heads out of the windows—excepting the squads

that went to draw our grub. From Richmond we were sent to Danville, and our condition was made worse instead of better. After staying at Danville two months I concluded to leave them, made my escape, and succeeded in making my way north as far as the foot of the Alleghany mountains, where I was recaptured, taken to the nearest railroad station for the purpose of being sent back to Richmond. Was put on the cars with a guard and sent to Liberty, where I stopped one day and night. Then I was sent to Lynchburg, where I fell in with six of our own men, who had been recaptured, like myself. Here we were crowded into the guard-house with a lot of their own deserters and kept for three days, when they took the whole of us, with an equal number of guards and a sergeant in charge, and put us aboard the cars bound for Richmond. We started near dusk, and after it was sufficiently dark I watched for my chance and jumped the cars, without so much as bidding Mr. Johnnies good-bye. I was doomed to be disappointed again, for I was captured by some Georgia soldiers in what is called Richerson's Gap, in the Blue Ridge mountains. This time I was taken to Richmond, but as the rebels about this time were sending the prisoners down into Georgia I only had to stay there a couple of days this time. I escaped again in North Carolina, was at Smithfield, twenty-five miles down the Neuse river, not very far from where you are now. Was at Raleigh, escaped twice, was once tracked by blood-hounds,

and once betrayed by negroes. I was in the stockade at Florence, was finally exchanged, after being inside the rebel lines fourteen months and a half, was put on board one of our steamships at Charleston and sent to Annapolis, Md., where, as soon as I was able, a thirty days' furlough was given me, and I went home. When my furlough expired I went to Columbus, O., and received my discharge, bounty, and wages all correct. I went home again, but could not content myself there, so in just two weeks after being discharged I reinlisted in the 189th O. V. I. Our regiment is scattered along the Charleston and Memphis railroad guarding bridges. Our company is twenty-miles west of Huntersville.

My respects to the boys.

P. S.—I say, revenge for the death of our beloved president.

HARRY BURNS.

Co. K, 14TH PA. CAV.

TO HIS PARENTS.

WINCHESTER, VA., Dec. 2, 1864.

DEAR FATHER—I take this opportunity of letting you know where I have landed. Last Saturday we left camp, rode half the night and stopped at Charleston, Va. Sunday we rode on to Berryville, had a skirmish with Mosby's men and went on to Winchester, camped on Monday five miles from there. Tuesday went to Royal on a scout, came back the next day. We had just got into camp and taken off our saddles when the bugle called: "Boots and saddles," or "saddle up." We went on a scout that night and scoured the country for Mosby, but no Mosby to be found. Rode all the next day, and just got into camp this evening. I am dreadful sleepy.

WINCHESTER, Dec. 14, 1864.

Just got in this evening. Everything quiet in this army, only Mosby captures the pickets once in awhile. We are on duty every day now—cavalry gets no rest at all. Our brigade consists of four regiments—22d Md. cavalry, 14th Pa., 8th O., and 21st N. Y. We expect pay next week.

You will have to excuse me for not writing more, as I have to go on a scout this morning. Please send me a quarter to buy stamps.

PEMBERTON PRISON, NEAR LIBBY, }
RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 23, '64. }

DEAR FATHER—I was captured on the 17th of this month. I have hardly any clothes, and am awful hard up. Please send me the confederate money I sent you—*not greenbacks.*

ALFRED W. MURRAY,

ORD. SERGT. CO. H, 14TH PA. CAV.

CAMP AVERIL,
NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., Feb. 6, 1865. }

MR. JOHN BURNS—I am in receipt of yours of the 1st of February, desiring information of your son. He was taken prisoner by a squad of some 400 men belonging to rebel Gen. Lomax and Col. Mosby's command, on the 17th day of December. A scout of 100 men was sent out from the regiment and were ambushed by the enemy, when only a few miles from camp. A sharp engagement ensued, resulting in our defeat, with casualties as follows: Seventeen killed, a number wounded, and fifty taken prisoners. Your son Harry was seen after crossing the Shenandoah river by men belonging to his company, who were wounded, paroled, and sent back to our lines. The 2d lieutenant of company H was also a prisoner, with several privates, so Harry was not the only sufferer in the sad disaster. I am very sorry to have to give you this sad information, but duty compels me to. I sympathize with you in your grief, and am glad it is no worse, as was the case with some of his comrades. They are exchanging prisoners very rapidly, and I hope to see Harry again soon. He was a good soldier and always did his duty, and is greatly missed among his companions.

Mr. Burns, who was then fifteen years of age, says of the capture: "I was barefooted, and we traveled three days and nights—cold nights—without a bite to eat, as a preparation for the starvation we were to get in Richmond."

I. I. S.

FOUNTAIN HEAD, TENN., Jan. 29, '63.

DEAR FRIEND LEW—I now set down to let you know what I am a doing. I hav wrote you three letters, but the railroad has been broke, and I guess you never got them. If you had you wood rote to me. It is quite cold this morning; your father is well, and he is in charge of three companys—Co. H, G, F, at the water tank at Buck lodge. Bob is cooking for Col. Case and himself; the negroes has all gone from head-quarters. Lew, I wood like to see you very mutch; i suppos that you have heard that John has gone home, and i am glad of it, for he is a bad boy; he stole about \$51 worth of checks from the sutler, and one of them bugles that the officers has on thair caps. I think that is getting along pretty fast, don't you, in the show? I expect Byron Smith will be here before long. We hav not had a battle yet, not eny sines of one. Now we are bringing in prisoners every day; we hav captured 3 rebel officers since we have been here—1 Capt., 2 Lieut., and they hav been sent to Alton, Illinois, to be cept in prison

untill the war is closed. Captain Baird and Mason went out, and they was a going along, and they looked a little ways ahead of them and they saw 2 rebel cavalry. Captain Baird told them to halt, but they would not, and he told the men to fire, and they fired, and they run about half a mile and they stoped, and they brought them into camp. I cannot find a great deal to write this time; I must go to my dinner. Write as soon as you can.

From your Friend.

You must not fall in love with all the girls; leave some for me.

[This letter written by a 12 year old boy staying with the 129th Ill. Vol.]

WILLIAM GRIMES.

Co. K, 4TH ILL. CAV.

TO HIS FRIENDS AT HOME.

CAMP CAIRO, Jan. 9, 1862.

There are only three companies here now; the rest left this morning to go down the river; they are expecting a heavy battle at Columbus in a short time. 30,000 troops came down the Ohio this morning; eight companies left our regiment to go with them, and a lot of infantry from Bird's Point. The boys made so much noise we could hear them for two or three miles; they felt so nice to think they were going to get into a fight. As I could not go, I let one of them take my rifle. Some of the gunboats went down the river yesterday, and one of them came back with the top of it torn to pieces. They had a little skirmish; eighteen of the men from Bird's Point were wounded.

May 26, 1862.

Last night I was on picket, and we were shot at twice. The rebels are so close to our lines that we can see them. They holler at us and want to know how strongly we are fortified. One of the infantry, a little ways from where I stood, was shot in the leg. We leave our horses and take it Indian fashion behind trees. Are now within three and a half miles of Corinth; heavy breastworks are thrown up,

and a lot of siege guns, that take twelve yoke of oxen to draw one of them, are stationed here.

Col. Dickey says he is going to see if he can't take the 4th Cav. back to Illinois to let them recruit, after the battle is over at Corinth. Gen. Sherman says the cavalry can go to hell or anywhere else after the battle is fought.

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., Dec. 30, '62.

We have been riding every day since we left Trenton; followed the rebel cavalry four days, but could get no fight out of them. They have been all along the railroad, and attacked nearly every station. About 2,500 of them made an attack on Middleburg, near Bolivar, Tenn.; 13 of them were killed. Only 150 of the 12th Mich. were there. The rebels thought there was more of them. They took Trenton shortly after we left, and four of our men there. Perhaps you would like to know what I had for a Christmas dinner; it was a piece of meat roasted over a rebel fire, and I was glad to get that.

GEORGE F. DASHILL,

CO. K. 4TH ILL. CAV.

COLLIERVILLE, TENN., Jan. 24, 1863.

MR. GILES GRIMES—It is a painful task I undertake this evening, that of writing to inform you of the death of your son William. Yesterday, he in company with one other member of our company procured a pass through our lines to purchase vegetables. When about six miles from camp they were unexpectedly met and attacked by a force of rebel cavalry. Chester S. Acker, the man with him, was instantly killed. William was wounded and lived till six o'clock this morning. He was taken to a house close by and kindly treated, and had a doctor as soon as possible, and all done that could be under the circumstances. We got word of the sad affair last night, went out with a force and brought the bodies in this morning. We will bury them to-morrow as decently as our situation will permit. In William we lose a brave and faithful soldier, a pleasant and agreeable comrade. One whom the company will miss, and deeply regret his sad fate. The last words he spoke were, "Tell the boys when they come that all has been done for me that could be, by honest, Christian people."

Yours Respect.

COLLIERVILLE, March 1, 1863.

MR. G. GRIMES—I was glad to hear of your arrival at home with no accident on the way to detain you. We were pleased to hear of the large attendance at William's funeral. It was the last sad rites paid to a patriotic and brave soldier, one who left all the endearments of what constitutes a home, in the very bloom of youth, to give himself a sacrifice to maintain the constitution. He has fallen as but sand on the sea shore, thousands of his comrades have gone before and many more will soon follow.

I dare not say this is the work of God, but it sometimes occurs to me that it is a judgment sent upon us for our evil deeds in the past. It seems hard that we should have to suffer the hardships and privations that we are subjected to, the killed on the battlefield, the wounded that suffer so much, some of them *crippled for life*, and the thousands that wear away by disease. I say it seems hard for a people to suffer all this and more too, unless there is some great good to be brought about in the end.

I see the conscription act has passed both houses of congress. I think now we may look for stirring times in the Northern States. I am well satisfied with the specifications of the bill; we want more men in the field and must have them soon or all is lost. The rebels have more men in service to-day than we have. It takes so much of our force to guard the rivers and railroad, and the thousand other places, that we cannot have a sufficient number to

work against them successfully in the field. The forces left to guard the roads have been too small, but perhaps all that could be spared, consequently so many disasters happen on the railroads behind our armies. We want our old regiments filled up with good men from the North and West, and then when the army moves the earth will tremble with the tread of brave soldiers who are determined this wicked rebellion shall end. Some of us have been in what seems to us to be a very long time, but we are willing to stay to the end if we can get help, if not all is lost and we are a fallen nation. No doubt there are thousands of young and able-bodied men scattered through the North-west who are unwilling to enlist. They can take up a paper, read an account of a battle or a long, hard march, and when they are through lay it down and say, "Go ahead, you can't get me into the scrape." Such a man has neither heart, common sense, nor conscience, he is not fit to breathe the air of our glorious state of Illinois, and I know several of this very kind. I would rather be out of the world than out of the army at this time. Some plead as the excuse that somebody must stay at home and work. They are cowards and afraid to go. There would be enough left at home, unfit for military duty, to do all the work.

“SI. KLEGG TO HIS GURL.”

(From National Tribune, by permission.)

DEER ANNIE—I now take my pen in hand to let you no that I am well, except the doggoned blisters on my feet, and I hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same blessins. Bein a soljur aint quite what they crack it up to be when theyr gittin a feller to enlist. Its mity ruff and youd better believe it. you ought to be glad that your a gurl and don't have to go. I wisht I was a girl some-times. I havent killed enny rebbells yit. Me and all the rest of the boys want to have a fite, but it looks like Gin-eral Buil was afeard, and we don't git no chance. i axed the Ordly couldent he git me a furrow. The Ordly just laft and says to me, “Si.” says he, “yer don't know as much as a mule.” I made Shorty see stars tother night, cos he was a talkin bout you. The captn made me walk up and down for a hour with a big rail on my sholder. You tel Squar Joneses boy that he haint got sand enuff to jine the army, and if he don't keep away from you Ile bust his eer when I git home, if I ever do. Whattle you do if I shouldnt never see you agin? But you know this glorus Govymnt must be pertected and the bully stars and strips must flote and your Si. is goin to help do it.

My pen is poor, my ink is pale,

My luv for you shal never fale.

Yours affeckshnitly.

DEER ANNIE—I once more take my pen in hand to tell you theres grate news. Im an ossifer. We had a awful fite yisterday, I don't no how many rebels I kild, but I guess thare was enuff to start a good sised graveyard. I tuk a prizner too and the Kurnal says to me, bully for you mister Klegg, or some thing to that effect. This morning they made me a Corporil and red it out before the hull rejiment. I gess youd been proud if you could have seen me. To-night the boys is hollerin hurraw for Corporil Klegg all over the camp. i aint as big as the General and some of the other ossifers, but thers no tellin how hi Ile git in three years.

Round is the ring that haint no end,
So is my love to you my frend.

Yours same as before.

jan. the 4th, 1860.

DEER ANNIE—I spose youre saw in the papers bout the awful fite we had. Yude better blieve we lictem, too. Of course taint fer me to brag bout myself, an I aint going to, but ile jest say that me an Shorty was thare all the time, an we dident get behind no trees nuther. I tell ye it was hottern a camp meetin. Wun bullet scraped the hair offn my head; an nuther nocked the but of my gun into slivers; an nuther cut the strap of Shorty's haver-sack—thats the bag he carries his grub in—but we got out all rite. I had a idee yude be kinder glad to no i dident

run and hide in a mewl wagin when the bullits began ter zip. I want yer to think as mutch of me as ye kin, an I no a gurl likes a feller wat tries ter be brave an do his duty bettern she does wun wats a coward, If enny of cumpany Q as was woonded gits home on furlow, I aint aferd ter have ye ask them how Si Klegg stood the rackit. Shorty an me capchered a rebble flag an the man wat was carryin it. It was mighty billyus, an i didnt bleeve ide ever see yer agin. Maybe i wunt, cause i spose weve got ter go threw sum more fites, but ittle make me feel awful bad if i dont, fer ive thot a heap of ye durin these days. I hoap ye think bout me as offen as i do bout you. But say, Annie, i dont want ter fite haf as bad as i did afore—taint funny a bit. But the 200th is a bully regiment, an ime goin to stick by her threw thick an thin, jist the saims ime goin ter stick by you. Thares lots of things ide like to write, but i cant now, as i haint enny more paper, an i got this offen a package of catridges.

if yu luv me as i luv yu
kno nife can cut ower luv intu.

Yourn frever.

KY., Nov., 1800 and 62.

DEER ANNIE—We was pade off to-day. I didnt git very much, only a little morin leven dollars. They give me jest the saims what privits gits, and ime a corporil. I think its almighty mean—dont yew? And the sutler—the

boys calls him Skinner, cause he takes the hide rite off—he got puty ni haff my money. He sed I ode it to him for checks. Checks is what the boys gits from the sutler wen they haint got enny money to buy pikles an sardeens an things. I gess the sutler puts down too dollers on his book every time a man byes a dollers worth of checks; then it doant take morn 5 minits to spend the checks. Yew hav to pay 10 sents for a peece of cheese that aint enny biggern a postige stamp. Thats the kind of a man the sutler is. Shorty sez he gives the kurnel lots of stuff, but we cant all be kurnels, for thar woodent be ennyboddy to lik the rebels. Now, Annie, this is the furst money I ever urned fer myself, and I jest wanted to cend part of it fer yew to git sumthing thattle always make you think of Si. You may as well have it, cause if ye dont ime afered the sutler will git it. Take this \$5.00 dollars and bye a wring to put on your finger. Yew no which finger to put it on. If ennyboddy asks ye hoo give ye that wring, and what yere warin it for, jist tell em nun of thare bisness. We has sum awful hard times, but ime goin to stick by the star strangle banger as long as thares a rag of her left.

The rose is red, the vilets blew,
Sugar is sweet and bully for yew.

Always yourn.

MONTGOMERY WISEMAN,

4TH KY. V. I.

TO HIS LITTLE SISTER ANNIE.

WINCHESTER, TENN., Aug. 7, 1862.

I would love to be at home going to school with you, but that is impossible. I want you to learn as fast as you can, and write all about it to me.

We are living fine down here in Dixie now. The rebels have been shooting our men and robbing our trains, and we have been turned loose on them, and take whatever we need. We have quit drawing rations, and gone to foraging.

Gen. McCook, who commanded the 9th Ohio at Mill Spring, was killed by the guerillas yesterday. He was bringing his brigade from Tusculumbia to this place, and was taken sick, and was behind the train in an ambulance, when he was taken out and murdered. His brigade has turned on the country, burning everything before them. They hung three guerillas to one tree. The 10th Ky. is guarding Winchester to keep them from burning the town.

LAVERNE, TENN., March 13, '63.

I would love to have you here, for you would see things that you could not forget as long as you lived. We are encamped by the side of a big fort, on a hill that can be

seen five miles off, and through openings in the cedars we can see miles below us. In the valley is a few scattered houses, all that is left of a town that last spring was as large as Richmond, Ky., and the chimneys are standing like dead timber in an old clearing. The whole country has been fought over, and cannon shot and bomb shells are scattered all through the woods. The cars are passing and repassing all times of the day, going on to Murfreesboro.

I would not advise you to read novels, as they fill up the mind with useless lumber, and take away all relish for solid reading. I want you to read history, biography, travels, and religious books, something to inform the mind and improve the manners. I have a copy of Shakespeare that I read considerably.

TRINNE, TENN., June 8, '63.

We left Laverne on the 3d and came here; it is a nice place and a pretty camp. We have a review most every day, first by Gen. Granger, then by Gen. Brannon. There has been a big battle fought at Franklin, ten miles from here; part of the troops at this point was sent there and took part in the fight. We have the 1st and 4th East Tenn. Cavalry here with us. The 1st is commanded by Col. Brownlow, a son of Parson Brownlow. The rebels dread them more than any troops in the field. In battle they charge with drawn sabers on the first rebels they meet.

It is the talk that we will be mounted and brigaded with them and sent to East Tenn. Our troops took 100 prisoners yesterday. They were Kentucky rebels under Breckenridge; they said they were tired of war, and gave themselves up voluntarily, and that they would take the non-combatant parole and go home.

NEW ORLEANS, Mar. 5, 1863.

MISS ALICE FARMER—It is with the greatest pleasure that I take the present oportoonity of writing these few tines to you, hoping you haven't foregoten your friends in the St. James Hospital that you ust to fetch things to when you came hear thay is one in hear that woold like to see you in peticlar. I shall not menchen his name just now I think you can gess ho it is without telling, as fore my part you have don me a doodeal of good with what you have fetched in hear. I don't no as I ever wood got well if you hadent brought us something to eat. I don't think the steward is as smart as he thinks he is, I have seen a great many smarter men than he is get their heads broke, and i fore one woold like to do it. We have got one feller says if ever he gets him away from this hospital he will make him think he wished he never saw him I havent any more at present fore it is a geting late, so I will close my letter with good-by ontill you get so you can come again with your basket.

175 N. Y.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

TO JOSEPH M. STETSON,

57TH ILL., CO. K, VOL. I.

NEPONSET, ILL., Nov. 13, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER JOE.—Last night brought us your letter of the 30th with the sad news we have been dreading the past week, yet hoping that through some means you might not be included with the host that was to go with Sherman. How little we at home know of soldier life and soldier duties. Tuesday, election day, Jim, John, little Joe, and I went out into the street to watch the train go by, hoping “our Joe” had got a furlough and would be one to come home to vote. You know of course that we were disappointed, and that no soldier’s cap of “our Joe” responded to the waving of our handkerchiefs, for the cap that we were looking for and its owner were then a week’s march on their way with Sherman. But I’ll warrant you thought of home that day almost as often as we thought of you. “Now, if Joe were only here.” Oh, yes, if Joe were only here, and it seems a shame on the people of our state that Illinois and Indiana, who have always been the first to fill their quota, should be the only ones who do not give their noble men who are battling for them their *right* to vote. But it will be different now, thank

Providence, those left at home are not *all* copperheads as shown by the returns, Ill., 30,000 for Lincoln; Bureau Co., 1,500. Doing pretty well is it not, taking into consideration how many there are in the field who had no say, in the matter, and from all accounts Father Abraham is elected for another four years. I am sure that every loyal man and woman hopes he may not have as hard a time as he has had in the past four years. The "Cops" polled 50 votes in this town, they have worked hard for them. I will give you the approximate election returns as given in the *Tribune*. Ill., about 30,000; Minn., 6,000; Ind., 35,000; Wis., 8,000; Mich., 10,000; Maryland, 5,000; Penn., 35,000; Maine, 18 to 25,000; Cal., 25,000; Nevada, 2,000; Oregon, 2,000, for the Union. New Jersey, 7,500; Del., 450 for McClellan. Missouri went Union in spite of Price. New York has given a very small majority for Lincoln. Of course some of these I have given you are not very accurate, but as I took them from the papers from time to time.

Your loving sister,

EMMA STETSON.

P. S. The storm interfered with the workings of the telegraph since election, so that returns have come in slowly until to-night. The "little Mc" men have claimed New York by a small majority, but give up now. The city went 30,000 for McClellan. Boston 5,053, and Chicago 1,813 for Lincoln. Detroit went Mc, Kalamazoo 1,000

for Lincoln and the Union. Hurrah for Lincoln, the Union, the flag, and for *our brave boys in blue*. May God bless and prosper them and their gallant comrades.

Mar. 12, 1865.

It seems an age since we heard from you, Jan. 7th. I hope and pray that you may keep well. This last march I am afraid will be worse than the long one through Georgia. If our newspaper correspondents could only keep track of you, I think we all would feel better. I made the acquaintance of your old comrade Samuel Hazelton. We went to Buda to get a flag for some tableaux which we got up at Neponset for the benefit of our Soldier's Aid Society, last Thursday night. The hall was full, and had the weather been pleasant it would have been more than full. We cleared \$25.50. Had a mush and milk supper at Mrs. Nick Buswell's for the same purpose, charged 25 cents admittance, took in \$51.25. Another tableau entertainment brought \$20. So you see with our meetings every Thursday afternoon to sew, we have done something in the past three months and are doing something still for our suffering soldiers. But Sherman, on his long marches through the interior, gets little aid from our Sanitary. It has been raining, hailing, and snowing all day, alternately, and is now raining and freezing as it falls, till the hedges and evergreens are breaking with ice and creaking dismally in the wind. Oh, what a night to be a soldier in! Thank

God our brave boys are not breasting such weather as this. How many times have we been thankful that Sherman was not marching through a northern climate. May God be with our soldiers, watch over them and guard them as they go on reaping glory that will never fade on the pages of history, enduring what we little dream of, can *never* realize, all for our sake and the sake of the dear old flag. May Heaven protect them and bring them back among us to enjoy the peace that they by their noble self-sacrifice have won. The day seems as though it could not be far distant.

March 19, 1865.

When that great package of letters reaches Sherman's army Joe will expect to find a few of his "weeklies" among them, and Emma don't want him to be disappointed. She don't think of anything that will interest him, only she has firm faith that he likes to get letters or he must be very much changed from the dear brother who used to *help me* ransack old chests for letters that neither of us knew anything about, only they were something we had never read, and I don't believe but there is some of the old in *you* yet. Would'nt it be grand if the western boys had to march up to take Richmond? Just think, if Gen. Sherman's army, who took Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and then marched across and took Savannah and Charleston, should keep marching on, like John Brown's soul, until it reached and captured Richmond.

Oh, what a record the western boys have kept with saber and bayonet, ever marching on from one field of heroic valor to another, sometimes filling up in a week blanks of years. It don't seem possible that they could endure what they have, yes, and what they are enduring even now on this march that is taking them away from all connection with the loyal world, through the interior of secession. May they be blessed as they deserve, for man will never be able to express his gratitude for what these same dear boys in blue have done for their country and their homes.

May 10, 1865.

Do you know that I came pretty near having you home to dinner with us to-day? Well, I did. I got the boys out of the granary, and ma up from the cellar to see Joe, but poor I was sadly disappointed, for he went straight past; and by the time he got near the house I did not care to own him as ours. The *Tribune* says, the boys of the 15th army corps are making long strides homewards. 155 miles in five and a half days. Wonder if "our Joe" was one of them, and if he had saved his *mule* so he wouldn't have to march all that long way? "The advance expects to be in Richmond this week." That sounds more like *coming home* than anything I've heard yet. There is great discussion as to whether the "veterans" are to be mustered out now or not, but I think the veterans of Sherman's army are to be. I saw an order that at Nashville they are

not to be, but they have not done the work there that the boys have who marched through the confederacy and couldn't find it. Time, I suppose, will be the only way to settle these things, as there is no relying on newspaper reporters.

Sam Dorr is home on a furlough. Capt. Russell was in here yesterday. He looks a little more like a human being than he did when he first got back from the rebel prisons. To-night's paper says: "Jeff. Davis is completely surrounded by our forces, and cannot escape," and that you "are in Richmond."

You boys seem determined to see all there was of the so-called C. S. A.

EMMA.

JANE STETSON.

March 6, 1865.

Father often says, "I would like to know where Joseph is to-night." Sherman's army seems "Onward." Last night's paper says he has made junction with Schofield's forces at Goldsborough, and also reported him moving towards Raleigh. We have had stirring times here in regard to the "call for 300,000 more," but our county will be full without a draft. There was quite an excitement three weeks ago among the younger boys to enlist, and a great number enlisted. Jesse and John had the fever among the rest, but we felt that they were not *called* as yet; and it was their duty to remain and let those go that were putting up the younger boys to go. After quite a trial on both sides, they have yielded to their parents' wishes. In the first place the county (Bureau) went in for a bounty to pay substitutes, and keep the men at home, for men were needed to do the work on the farms. Several men went to Cairo, and others sent by them and bought up for the towns. Your father sent for two, and paid them \$800 a piece for two or three years. One was a "veteran;" both over thirty years of age; they enlisted in the naval service. C. grows worse and worse; he does not come here often, and never stays as formerly; your father thinks as little of him as you do. Poor man, he has ruined himself. "Taste not, touch not, handle not." I often think of you boys in the army in respect to this one thing. What a school of sin for young boys it must be. Your mother.

ESTER MARIA POND.

SPRINGFIELD, WIS., July 23, 1863.

BROTHER LEVI—You know not how anxiously and impatiently we await the coming of your letters.

We are glad to hear that your wound is doing so well, but fear your health is giving away under the pressure of so many hardships. You know, dear brother, I would not ask you to do anything wanting in honor, anything that would cast a shade on your noble, manly character, even though it cost both our lives to refuse; yet I *do* wish you to give up your hard soldier life before your whole strength, and life, too, is worn out, when, if you would leave there and rest until your health was fully restored, you might be saved to your country and friends. Previous to getting your letter a week ago, I had intended to go to you, if you were likely to be alive until I could reach you. and shall still calculate to do so if I find you need me.

It certainly would be a great consolation to have you with us for a while, and *know* that you were well and able to endure the hardships that await you, notwithstanding the severity of another parting.

Your loving sister.

Levi E. Pond, Capt. Co. E., 7th Wis. Vol. I.

CHLOE G. B.

KOSHKONONG, WIS., May 1, 1864.

FRIEND WILLIAM—I hope you will not think me bold in writing to you first. I am not going to school this summer—they make me play Bridget in the kitchen. I have been to meeting almost every evening for the past four weeks. All the girls in the neighborhood have religion, excepting Sarah, Anna, and myself. They think we are hard cases.

Do you get homesick down there? The boys you have written to say you are not. Wish I could step into your tent a few minutes, and see how you get along. It would seem good to see your face once more.

I am very much obliged for those verses and mottoes. Hope you will not get lonesome down in Dixie. Keep up your courage and be a good boy.

A REBEL LOVE LETTER.

INTERCEPTED BY THE LOYALISTS ON THEIR MARCH TO
THE SEA.

DARE SOLOMING—i rite to you to datting Uncle Jake says theres a right smart un you boys that I know yod Not forgit your Liza Jane. good By. God Bles you sol. We had a dance to widow Johnsings the other night. my old Bow Bill harning Wanted me to dance With him but i Inclined. When you Left sol i promised not To dance with Ary a young man or set upon his knee until you got back or killed. O sol The yanks are Cutting up mightily. I hard that you was killed on the picket Lyne but my Heart don't feel it and sol it Feels mightily for you sometimes. I kiss your picture before the yanks To make them mad. Thars a curley headed Yank with blue eyes thats a saying hele kiss me if i keep A doing of it. i wouldnt care if He did But for your sake dare sol. Get a furlow And come to me. Cross over the river At capertons ferry near stringson And Ill give the curly headed yank a kiss to Let ye over. good by sol i must go. Mother says the yanks are A hunting down the chickens And goin to the smoke house the home gards on tother side of The tennessee And sum of the confederate cavalry stole all the chickens from the Union folks Thar. cusing Jane had A offer to marry a Yank last week and lord shele

do it. Thers hapes un Our girls a marry on em. i wont
never du it, no Never if i can du better. i hait them wurz
than i love u. o dare sol come To see me just wonst. if
u knew How i suffer for you And A little snuff yud come.
the weather is rite Bad and so is my cold dare sol. Sol i
love u as i Never loved no wone. right to me sol At cap-
ertons ferry. Yur Ever loving and afeckshunate Liza
Jane.

LIBBY'S BRIGHT SIDE.

BY FRANK E. MORAN, LATE CAPTAIN IN THE SEVENTY-THIRD
N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.

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THE ARRIVAL AT LIBBY.

It was my fortune, or rather my misfortune, to fall wounded into the hands of the confederates in the battle of Gettysburg and to remain a prisoner for the twenty months that followed. The first half of the time was spent in Libby Prison, and the remainder of the time in Macon, Ga., and Columbia and Charleston, S. C. Having been captured in the second day's fight I witnessed the final struggle of the third day from behind the confederate line, and was directly in the rear of Pickett's division when its magnificent but vain charge was made to break the left centre. The column of prisoners accompanied the retreat of the confederate army, crossing the swollen Potomac at Williamsport in a torrent of rain. Our route toward Richmond was through the beautiful but then devastated valley of the Shenandoah, our journey on foot being not much less than two hundred miles. The column, having taken cars at Stanton arrived in Richmond on July 18, 1863, and was at once conducted under guard toward the north-eastern border of the city, followed by a boisterous mob of men, women, and children. We halted

at last in front of an antiquated brick building, over the office door of which there creaked upon its rusty hinges a small, weather-beaten sign of oblong shape, bearing on either side in faded letters the inscription: "Libby & Sons, Ship Chandlers and Grocers," while from the barred windows above there peered down upon us in silence a group of pale faces, and the captives then, for the first time, realized that they stood on the threshold of the famed Libby Prison.

Libby was a Northern man, and I believe a native of Maine, who, prior to the war, owned and occupied the premises, never dreaming in those peaceful, prosy days of business, that the modest sign, scarcely larger than a washboard, would through the strange fortunes of a future war be the means of linking his name forever with one of the most noted of military prisons, and assuredly one of the most interesting landmarks of the rebellion. The building had a frontage from east to west of a hundred and forty-five feet, and a depth from north to south of one hundred and five feet. It stood isolated from other buildings, with streets passing its front, rear, and west ends, and with a vacant space on the east about sixty feet in width. A line of sentinels guarded the prison from every side. The portion of the building devoted to the use of the prisoners consisted of nine rooms, each a hundred and two feet in length by forty-five in breadth. The ceiling, was about eight feet high, except in the upper rooms

which were higher, better lighted, and better ventilated, owing to the pitch of the roof. Rickety, unbannistered stairs led from the lower to the upper rooms, and all the rooms of the upper floors were connected by doors, leaving free access from one to the other. With the exception of a few rude bunks and tables in the upper and lower west rooms, which were respectively termed "Streight's room" and "Milroy's room," and four long tables in the lower middle or "Kitchen room;" there was no furniture in the prison, its rooms presenting the ordinary appearance of warehouse lofts. The north windows commanded a partial view of the hilly portion of the city, which in 1862 was in sight of McClellan's outposts. From the east the prisoners could look off toward the Rocketts and City Point. The south windows looked out upon the canal and the James river, with Manchester opposite, and a portion of Belle Isle, while from the windows of the upper west room could be seen Castle Thunder, Jefferson Davis' mansion, and the Confederate capitol. From the staff above the roof there floated to the breeze the ensign of the Confederacy. Such, in all essential points, were the external and internal features of Libby Prison when the column of prisoners from Gettysburg entered its doors in July, 1863.

Of its occupants it can be said that Libby Prison was a vast museum of human character, whom the chances of war had brought into close communion; men of every type

and temperament, where military rank was wholly ignored, and where all shared in a common lot. At the time particularly referred to, and which covers probably the most interesting portions of history, that is, the year embraced between the early spring of 1863 and May, 1864, there were confined there about twelve hundred Union commissioned officers of all ranks and all branches of the army and navy, representing every loyal state. They were not men who would have sought each other's society of their own accord from any natural or social affinity, but who, united upon the common bond of patriotism, had been involuntarily forced together by the fortunes of war, which, like politics, often "makes strange bed-fellows." There were men of all sizes and all nationalities; youth and age were side by side, and titled men of Europe who had enlisted in our cause might be found among the captives. There were about thirty doctors, as many ministers, a score of journalists and lawyers, a few actors, and a proportionate representation from all the popular trades and professions that could engage men in civil life. Among them were extensive travelers and brilliant scholars, who had seen the world and could entertain audiences for hours with narratives of their journeyings abroad; indeed, among the genuine attractions of the prison was the profitable pleasure always to be derived by intimate association with a convention of men of bright and cultured minds, who had in their love of country often led their squadrons on the rough

edge of battle, and who in their history and in themselves presented the best types of modern chivalry. It was, indeed, a remarkable convention, and the circumstances are not likely to arise that will re-assemble its counterpart again in this generation.

Take it all in all, Libby Prison, from the strange and vast mixture of its inmates, as well as from all its peculiar surroundings, was doubtless the best school for the study of human nature that has ever been seen in this country. It will not seem strange, therefore, that men of such varied talents, tastes, and dispositions, shipwrecked by fortune in this peculiar manner, should begin to devise ways and means to turn the tedious hours of prison life to some account. To this end meetings and consultations were held and various plans were set on foot for the amusement and instruction of the prisoners. A minstrel troupe was organized, and it could boast of talent that would compare favorably with some of the professional companies of today. By a generous contribution of money a number of musical instruments were purchased, forming a very respectable orchestra, and soon the refreshing and welcome sound of music enlivened the place, and often when the weary-souled prisoner had lain down for the night there would steal over the dark and dismal place the familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and if there ever was a time and place when the old melody touched the tenderest chords of the soldier's heart it was on Christmas eve behind

the barred windows of Libby Prison. Groups of men could be seen in all parts of the rooms seated on the floor playing chess, checkers, cards, or such other games as engaged their fancy. Many busied themselves with their pen-knives making bone rings and ornaments of various designs, many of them being carved with exquisite skill, that entitled them to rank as positive works of art, and these are now cherished treasures in many Northern homes.

In the upper east room might have been seen General (then Colonel) di Cesnola, of the Fourth New York cavalry, instructing a class of officers in the school of the battalion. Colonel di Cesnola was a brave and able officer, as well as a learned and courteous gentleman, whose acquirement of the famous treasures of art at Cyprus, known as the "Cesnola collection," has given him since the war such deserved eminence in the world of art. In the upper east room also, might have been seen Colonel Cavuda, of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Pennsylvania, busy writing his book, afterwards published and widely read, entitled "Libby Life." Poor fellow! the dream of his life was to free his native island from Spanish rule, and returning from the war he took part in the patriots' revolt in Cuba, fell into the hands of the Spaniards and was mercilessly put to death with a score of his ill-fated comrades. Many of the prisoners will recall his beautifully descriptive lecture on Cuba, with the history, resources, and scenery of which he was wonderfully familiar.

At every hour of the day learned linguists taught attentive classes in French, German, Spanish, and all popular languages. Phonography was also taught, as well as grammar, arithmetic, and other branches of study. The owner of a book in Libby was the object of immeasurable envy, and I remember on one occasion upon seeing an officer with Hugo's "Les Miserables," I sought out the owner, who put my name down on his list of applicants to borrow it, and my turn to read it came six months afterwards. Dancing was among the accomplishments taught to large classes, and it was truly refreshing to see grave colonels tripping the "light fantastic." Under the ministers' charge daily and nightly prayer meetings were held, and as there was generally a "ball" going on at the same time it was not infrequent to see a lively "break-down" at one end of the room and a prayer meeting at the other, and to hear the loud tum of the banjo mingling with the solemn melody of the doxology. The doctors endeavored to enlighten audiences by occasional lectures on "gun-shot wounds," "amputation," "the effect of starvation on the human system," and other cheerful topics.

General Neil Dow, of Maine liquor-law fame, in several eloquent discourses warned his fellow prisoners against the blighting evils of intemperance, and it is but just to the general's eloquence and to my comrades to record that during the remainder of their stay at the confederate capital no cases of intoxication occurred among them. While

the general was a prisoner his cotton mill at Portland was burned, and one of the Richmond papers copying the news from the Northern journals substituted for the word "mills" the word "distillery"—a cruel joke upon the earnest general. A debating society was formed, and all manner of subjects were discussed, bringing to light a goodly number of really eloquent speakers, who have since achieved fortune and distinction throughout the country. A form of amusement at night when the lights were out was what was termed the "catechism," which consisted of loud questions and answers, mimicries, and cries, which, when combined and in full blast, made a pandemonium, compared with which a mad house or a boiler foundry would have been a peaceful refuge, and such cries as "Tead, of Reading!" "Pack up!" "Who broke the big rope?" "Who stole Mosby's hash?" and "Who shaved the nigger of the truck?"—all as unintelligible as Choctaw to the uninitiated—were pointed and plain enough to those who used them, alluding as they did to events and persons of the prison. All enjoyed them, except the victims at whom they were aimed.

In each of the large rooms at night the prisoners covered the floor completely, lying in straight rows like prostrate lines of battle. It was, of course, inevitable that among such a large number of sleepers there should appear the usual affliction of loud snorers, whose involuntary discord at times drew a terrific broadside of boots, tin

cans, and other convenient missiles, which invariably struck the wrong man with the most deadly precision. Among our number was one particular officer whose unfortunate habit of grinding his teeth secured him a larger share of room at night than was commonly allowed to a single prisoner, and inspired his comrades with the unanimous hope that a special exchange might restore him to his family, for certainly he was a man who would be missed from wherever he had lived—certainly wherever he had lodged. On one memorable night, when this gentleman was entertaining us with his customary tooth solo, one of our comrades, who had been kept awake for the previous three nights, after vainly and repeatedly shouting to the nocturnal minstrel to “Shut up, for God’s sake,” arose in his wrath, and picking his steps in the dark among his prostrate comrades, arrived at last near a form which he felt certain was that of the disturber of his peace, and with one mighty effort he bestowed a kick in the ribs of the victim that was distinctly heard in every part of the room and hurriedly retreated to his place. Then arose the kicked officer, who was not the grinder, and amid the silence of the night made an eloquent address to his invisible assailant, employing terms and vigorous adjectives that I certainly do not remember to have seen in the New Testament, and vehemently declaring in his brilliant peroration that he’d “be blank blanked if it was not outrage enough to be compelled to spend wakeful nights beside a

man who made his life a burden to him and his nights hideous with tooth serenades, but it was a little too much to be kicked for him," and resumed his hard bed amid thunderous applause, during which the grinder was awakened, and was for the first time made aware of the cause of the enthusiasm.

The inherent spirit of Yankee enterprise under difficulties was well illustrated by the publication of a newspaper in the prison by the energetic chaplain of a New York regiment. It was entitled the *Libby Prison Chronicle*. True there were no printing facilities at hand, but undaunted by this difficulty the editor obtained and distributed quantities of manuscript paper among the prisoners who were recognized leaders in their several professions, and in fact wherever it was likely to do the most good, so that there was soon organized an extensive corps of able correspondents, local reporters, poets, punsters, and witty paragraphers that gave the *Chronicle* a pronounced success. Articles were contributed on all conceivable subjects of interest. Pursuant to previous announcement the "editor," on a stated day of each week, would take up his position in the centre of the upper east room, and surrounded by his audience, seated in every available space, would read in their proper order the articles contributed during the week. The discussions through the columns of the *Chronicle* by the ministers, doctors, lawyers, and professional men of the subjects treated upon were striking,

able, and spirited, and bore the unmistakable imprint of cultured and brilliant minds. Naturally the subject of war, ancient and modern, was discussed exhaustively, particularly our own war, and the chain of political events and disturbing questions that gave rise to the revolt of the Southern states. Considering the absence of books of reference the writers showed marvelous familiarity with the subjects with which they dealt. The presence of such a great number of men of wide experience and travel at home and in foreign lands made their narratives deeply interesting. Their sketches of personal adventure by flood and field, if preserved, as it is hoped they have been, may yet enrich the literature of the war.

“The Libby Prison Minstrels” were deservedly a popular band, whose weekly performances were largely attended and warmly applauded. The troupe was organized under and governed by strictly professional rules. Being directed by a zealous and competent stage manager, whose word was law, no mere superiority of military rank was permitted to secure professional preferment in the troupe. Nothing, indeed, but the positive possession and display of musical or dramatic acquirements could command prominence, and as a natural though droll consequence, it was common to see a second lieutenant carrying off the honors of a play as the “leading man,” and the colonel of his regiment carrying off the chairs as a “supe.” Indeed, I knew a gallant major and most estimable gentleman who

in the first season of his engagement did not deem it beneath his dignity night after night to personate the hind leg of a stage elephant. This elephant, by the way, deserves especial mention, not only because of the peculiar difficulties which attended his construction, but because both intellectually and physically he differed in a marked manner from all elephants we had previously seen. The animal was composed of four United States officers, which certainly gave him unusual rank. One leg was the major's before mentioned, the second a naval officer, the third a captain of cavalry, and the last leg was, by a happy thought of the astute manager, "taken off" by an army surgeon. A quantity of straw formed the body, tusks and trunk being improvised from the somewhat meagre resources of our "property room." The whole was covered ingeniously by five army blankets. Indeed, the elephant, considering the difficulties surmounted in its creation, was, as seen by the light of the "foot-lights," consisting of four candles set in bottles and empty condensed milk cans, pronounced by the critics of the *Libby Prison Chronicle* "a masterpiece of stage mechanism."

The stage was erected at the northern end of the kitchen, and was formed by joining the four long tables. The curtain was made by a number of army blankets sewed together, and was in two parts, parting in the centre, and being suspended by small rings to a horizontal wire over the heads of the orchestra. It could be drawn together

and apart at the manager's signal bell. Ample space was provided for the "dressing" and "green" rooms, and although the scenery was not gorgeous nor extensive, it was sufficient for the dramas produced during the season. The audience was expected to bring their own seats, there being "standing room only," as conspicuously announced on a placard posted in front by the management.

One of the best performances ever given was on Christmas eve, 1863. That night the room was crowded with men, who way down in their hearts felt a homesickness that needed some mental physic such as we proposed to give. Our poor fellows thought of their wives and children, if not, indeed, of sweethearts in the North, and perhaps our play did them good. Programmes, neatly printed in the prison, were freely circulated, but I have searched high and low and the only one of them left, as I take it, is that from which the following fac simile is made. This one remaining relic of that memorable night I obtained from a comrade at the Prison Survivor's meeting at Detroit. The appended programme was followed literally, and the performances caused unbounded enthusiasm:

THE LIBBY PRISON MINSTRELS.

MANAGER.....	Lt. G. W. CHANDLER
TREASURER.....	Capt. N. W. SAWYER
COSTUMER.....	Lt. L. P. JONES
SCENIC ARTIST.....	Lt. PRENTRESS
CAPTAIN OF THE SUPES.....	Lt. BRISTOW

THURSDAY EVE., DEC. 24, 1863.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

OVERTURE—"Norma".....	TROUPE
OPENING CHORUS—"Ernani".....	TROUPE
SONG—Who will Care for Mother Now.....	Capt. SCHELL
SONG—Grafted in the Army.....	Lieut. KENDALL
SONG—When the Bloom is on the Rye.....	Adj. LOMBARD
SONG—Barn-yard Imitations.....	Capt. MASS
SONG—Do They Think of Me at Home.....	Adj. JONES
CHORUS—Phanton.....	TROUPE

PART SECOND.

DUET—Violin and Flute—Serenade from "Lucia"	Lients. CHANDLER AND ROCKWELL
SONG AND DANCE—"Root Hog or Die".....	Capt. MASS
BANJO SOLO.....	Lieut. THOMAS
DUET—Dying Girl's Last Request	Adjts. LOMBARD AND JONES
MAGIC VIOLIN.....	Capt. MASS, CHANDLER, AND KENDALL
SONG—My Father's Custom.....	Lieut. McCAULLEY
CLOG DANCE.....	Lieut. RYAN

RIVAL LOVERS.

JOE SKIMMERHORN.....	Capt. MASS
GEORGE IVERSON.....	Lieut. RANDOLPH

PART THIRD.

COUNTRYMAN IN A PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

PROPRIETOR.....	Capt. MASS
BOY.....	Lt. RANDOLPH
COUNTRYMAN.....	Maj. NEIPER

MASQUERADE BALL.

MANAGER.....	Adj. JONES
DOOR-KEEPER.....	Capt. MASS
MUSICIAN.....	Lt. CHANDLER
MEMBER OF THE PRESS.....	Lt. RYAN
MOSE.....	Lt. WELSH
BLACK SWAN.....	Lt. MORAN
BROADWAY SWELL.....	Lt. BENNET
RICHARD III.....	Capt. McWILLIAMS

TO CONCLUDE WITH A

GRAND WALK-AROUND.

 Performance to commence at 6 o'clock. 

ADMISSION FREE—CHILDREN IN ARMS NOT ADMITTED.

ADJT. R. C. KNAGGS,
Business Agent.

As might be expected the handling of the scenery was attended with considerable difficulty, and the patience of the manager was often sorely tried in his efforts to impress upon the scene-shifters the impropriety of pushing out a bridge to connect with the half of a drawing-room. Nor did the shifters, as the manager repeatedly explained to them, seem to realize the importance, while performing

their duties, of keeping out of the sight of the audience. Indeed the pathos of a play was at times seriously marred by the audience distinctly seeing a pair of cavalry boots coolly walk off with a forest.

It happened one evening, when it was determined to compliment the efficient management with a rousing benefit, that the two officers whose duty it was to personate the hind legs of the elephant were unable to appear on account of sudden illness, and their places had to be filled at the last minute by two other officers, who volunteered for the emergency. This was an acknowledged kindness on the part of the volunteers, but their acceptance of the parts without sufficient rehearsal proved exceedingly embarrassing to the management, and positively disastrous to the elephant himself, or to speak more accurately, themselves. At the appointed time, however, the elephant appeared, his entree being greeted with the usual round of applause. In spite of the lack of preparation the wonderful tricks of the animal were very creditably performed and enthusiastically recognized by the crowded house. The anxious manager in the wings was happy as he gave the signal for exit. Most unfortunately at this vital moment certain strange convulsive actions of the animal revealed the painful fact that a very positive difference of opinion existed between the fore and hind legs as at which side of the stage the exit should be made. In vain the perspiring manager hissed from the wings, "To the right, gentlemen,

for God's sake to the right!" A murmur of excitement ran through the audience, the convulsions of the animal grew more and more violent, and excited people in the auditorium shouted loudly:

"The elephant's got a fit!"

"The monster is poisoned!"

"Play the hose on him!"

"Down in front!"

"Police!"

A perfect babel ensued, in the midst of which the seams of the blankets at last gave way, and the shrieking audience witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of an elephant walking off in four different directions, each leg fiercely gesticulating at the other and exchanging epithets certainly more pungent than parliamentary. The despairing manager had no alternative but to ring down the curtain, but in his excitement he pulled the wrong rope, the sky fell down on the heads of the orchestra, and the show ended for that evening. The manager being a strict stage disciplinarian at once called a meeting of the several sections of the elephant, the result of which was that three of the legs resigned, and the remaining leg (the major) was reduced to a "supe."

It would fill an interesting volume to sketch in the briefest manner the lives and experience of the men who have been captives within the walls of Libby or to trace their career since. Many of the gallant fellows have since

fallen upon the battle-field, and a sad number have died from the effects of their long incarceration. Some have been lost at sea, and others are in foreign lands. Some have since become the governors of states and held seats in the cabinet. Their voices have been heard in congress, at the bar, and in the pulpit, and their names will be a proud heritage to their children and their country.

TO CAROLINA,

FROM ONE OF HER SISTERS.

Sister Carry, my dear,
I am sorry to hear
That you are intending to leave us,
They say it's a fact
Your trunk is all packed
And you hope by such conduct to grieve us.

You have always been naughty
And willful and haughty,
Like a spoiled minx, as you are,
So vain of your beauty,
Forgetful of duty
You owe to indulgent papa.

I am sure you can't say
You've not had your way
In each of her family broils,
While I vow and declare
You've had your full share
In each of the national spoils.

Just wait for a season
And listen to reason,
Nor believe what your false lovers say;
For their prayers and their sighs
And their flattering lies
Will bring you to ruin some day.

Though they've promised so fair,
Gay deceivers they are,
From the one whom last evening you kissed;
To Hammond and Rhett
And chivalrous Kiett,
Orr, Memminger, Pickens, and Gist.

Some day, all forlorn,
Bedraggled and torn,
Like the Prodigal Son in his need,
You will knock at the door,
And come home here once more,
Nor venture again to secede.

Now, be warned of your fate
Before it's too late,
Like a dear little innocent lamb;
Come out of your pet,
And do not forget
All the kindness of good Uncle Sam.

The palmetto tree
No shelter will be
When the dark clouds of anarchy tower;
You will long for the rest
Of your own eagle's nest
And the strong arm of Federal power.

Then, dear little sis,—
Now, give me a kiss
To make up these family jars,—
Secession shall never
Our Union dissever;
Hurrah for the Stripes and the Stars.

December 1, 1861.

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